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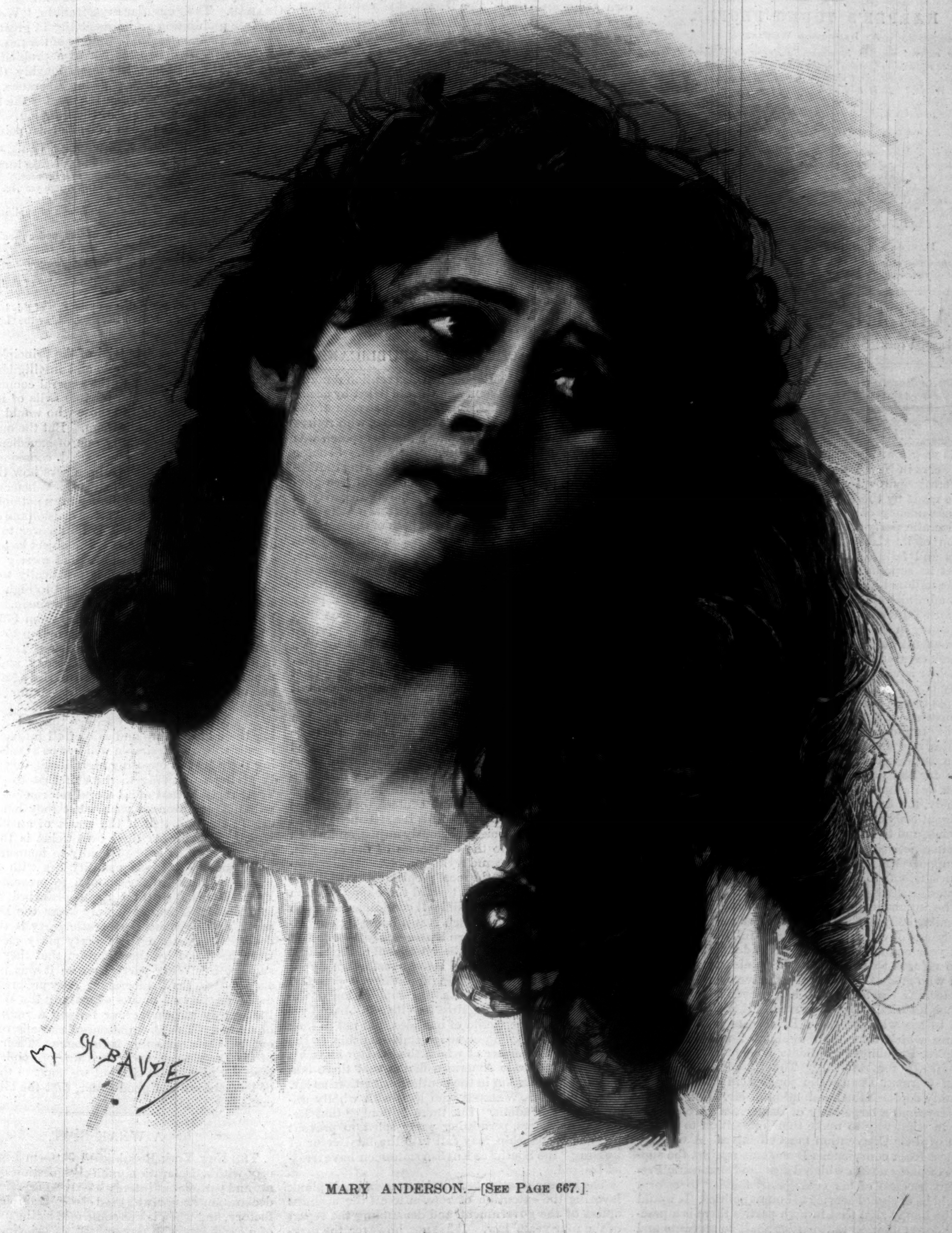

MARY ANDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 667.]

FRAUD.

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The current number is unusually strong in fiction. "Why Florence Refused to Confess" is the title of a short story by John R. Coryell. *Another short story is called "A Night in the Wide, Wide World." It is told with refreshing humor by* Margaret Emma Ditto.

"The Princess Marr" is an amusing little fable, pointing a moral.

"TWO ARROWS," BY W. O. STODDARD,

reaches its eighth installment. In it the red boy and the white boy come together, and the latter saves the former from a thrashing—an incident which the artist has made the subject of a front-page illustration, handsomely engraved.

Professor C. F. Holder *contributes a short article on "Hunting the Beluga," and* Miss Traquair *writes sympathetically about "Roman Child Models."*

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885.

☞ *An* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE TAMMANY TRIUMPH.

It is very long since nominations for the chief State officers in New York have been received with such universal approval and remarkable satisfaction as those made by the Republicans at Saratoga, or since the ascendency of the reactionary influences in the Democratic party were so plainly evident as in the action of its Convention. That after its many rebuffs and failures the Tammany power should reassert its supremacy in the first months of a Democratic national administration, and when the head of that administration is the especial representative of the anti-Tammany spirit, is one of those events whose frequency in the history of the party tends to explain its constant failure to retain the advantage which it sometimes gains, and to justify the deep distrust with which it is regarded. This habit of the Democratic party is a vital injury to good government, because it tempts the Republicans to rely for success upon public distrust of their opponents instead of their own fidelity to sound principles, the high character of candidates, and honest political methods. This reliance upon Democratic blunders for success, however, has been for the present corrected in the State of New York by means which are familiar, but very effective, namely, the known intention of a powerful and intelligent body of Republicans not to make their party a fetich, and to bolt improper nominations. The fact that instinctively and unanimously they have resolved to support Mr. **Davenport** and his associates is the highest tribute to the character of the Republican candidates.

The interesting question now is, whether there is a similar body in the Democratic party. There were thousands of excellent Democrats in New York who last year commended the independent Republicans who refused to sustain the Republican nomination and who made their refusal effective by voting for a Democratic candidate who had proved his fidelity to principles which they approved. It will be interesting to see whether these Democrats will take the course which they then applauded, and support a stainless Republican candidate who is "sincerely and steadfastly for reform." The *Staats-Zeitung*, the chief German Democratic journal in the country, frankly deplores the nomination of Mr. **Hill** as reactionary, and a large body of Democrats are considering in what way to make their opposition to the action of their Convention most effective. A weighty protest from conspicuous Democrats against the support of party action which defies the Democratic President because of his courageous fidelity to reform would be of signal service to honest politics. It would be the happy sign that in both parties there is a practical determination that parties shall be servants and not masters, a determination which is already held by voters enough to decide elections.

The argument that will be urged upon hesitating Democrats to persuade them to vote for Mr. **Hill** is that he is the regularly nominated party candidate, and that his defeat would be the defeat of the President's own party in his own State in the first year of his administration. The substance of this argument is that the election of Mr. **Hill** would be the proof of approval of the administration. Does any hesitating and intelligent Democrat really believe it? Does he believe that if Mr. **Hill** were elected, his especial friends, Tammany Hall and Irving Hall, Senator **Ecclesine** and Mr. **Grady**, the New York *Sun* and the Rochester *Union*, would acknowledge that Mr. **Hill**'s election was the approval of President **Cleveland**'s reform policy? Does the hesitating Democrat doubt that all the forces in the party which procured Mr. **Hill**'s nomination would assert strenuously that his election was a loud warning to the President that he was out of sympathy with his own party in his own State, and that "the Democracy" called upon him to renounce his policy? The Democrat, or any political supporter of Mr. **Cleveland**, might say that the Republican Convention denounced the President as a hypocrite, and that to vote for the Republican candidate is to approve the denunciation. But if that be an argument, why does he hesitate to vote for Mr. **Hill**, whose Convention praised Mr. **Cleveland**? It is because he properly regards what the Convention did, not what it said. The Democratic Convention praised the President, and stabbed him by its nomination. The Republican Convention denounced him, and sustained him by its nomination. We do not see how any honest Democrat who approves President **Cleveland**'s reform policy, and who wishes to sustain his administration, can vote with the enemies of both under the plea of supporting him. Nor do we see how such a Democrat can be unwilling to sustain both by voting for a candidate who so cordially sympathizes with the President's reform principles, and who is in himself so upright and unexceptionable as **Ira Davenport**.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention renominated Governor **Robinson** and the old ticket by acclamation, substituting Mr. **Beard**, the chairman of the State Committee, for the State Treasurer, who retires by law. Senator **Hoar** presided, and his speech was mellower in tone than had been anticipated. Senator **Hawley**, of Connecticut, also spoke, renewing the declaration of his faith in sound principles of free government and his fidelity to the Republican party as their representative. Senator **Hawley**'s tone also was mellow, and it was plain that both of the Senators felt much more comfortable in praising the party this year than last. Republican principles—that is to say, the principle of liberty and equal rights—are, indeed, as Senator **Hawley** asserted, as old as Plymouth Rock. But everything that is done in the name of a party which professes these principles is not necessarily good, and ought not, merely because of these principles and these professions, to be supported by men who love principle and country more than party. This, Senator **Hawley** did not say, but he would not deny it, and every true Republican will remember it and act accordingly.

Senator **Hoar** stated his views of the Southern question with great force, but his position seems to be open to the same kind of criticism which he passed upon civil service reformers of one idea, who, as he said, "so fear that the American people will be debauched by the appointment of custom-house officers and postmasters that they are content that suffrage itself shall be suppressed." This is a statement which is not ill meant, although obviously unjust, and which may be pardoned to the exigencies of the occasion. But to see in the vast and trying problem of the Southern situation—one of the most perplexing in the whole history of civilization, yet toward the happy solution of which, under the most difficult conditions, so much has been done and so much is still doing by our fellow-citizens in the Southern States—only the one fact that at some polls, where the intelligent and civilized community is in danger of being overthrown by an ignorant and corrupt domination, there is practical suppression of the vote (although suppression of the vote is a great offense against free institutions), is yet to be as much the victim of one idea, and not to look with the eye of comprehensive statesmanship, as the civil service reformer at whom the Senator aims his dart. No patriotic American denies that there is a momentous question in the Southern situation, as Mr. **Cable** and Mr. **Warner**, who look with wholly unpartisan eyes, admit. But there is danger that Republican leaders, permitting party spirit to prevent party statesmanship, may fall into the fatal error of treating "the South" as English statesmen have treated Ireland.

The Massachusetts platform has an admirable plank favoring the extension of reform to all the business offices of the government, and demanding the repeal of the four years' law. It has not, however, the magnanimity to commend the President for what he has really done for the promotion of the good cause to which it professes loyalty, and denounces him for the pardon of **Mullen**—an act which, indeed, has not been satisfactorily explained. Senator **Hoar** speaks kindly of the President personally, and commends his Indian policy, and hopes that his hand will fall heavily upon the murderers of the Chinese. But the Senator thinks that the President shows that he can not serve reform and the Democratic party. But the general character and tone of the Convention were worthy of the original Republican State, and, like that in New York, they suggest that the uses of adversity are sweet.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

The question of high license is likely to be seriously urged upon the Legislature of New York during the winter, and a bill has been carefully prepared by the Church Temperance Society, which is distributed in pamphlet form by **Howard Crosby** and **Robert Graham**. Their circular says, frankly, "We believe absolute prohibition an impossibility in great cities." And such is the general testimony of the most friendly observers in the States where a prohibitory law exists. High license is unquestionably the most effective way of dealing with intemperance, and the bill of Dr. **Crosby** and Mr. **Graham** is the result of the most sagacious study of the question. The following are stated by them to be its chief points:

> "1. A broad distinction between distilled and fermented liquors, the license fee for the former being $1000, for the latter, $100.
>
> "2. Disqualifying convicts from holding licenses.
>
> "3. The disqualification of premises for one year, on conviction or revocation of license.
>
> "4. The publication of name and address of applicant at least one week before a license is granted.
>
> "5. Prohibiting sale of liquor to minors, under penalty of revocation of license.
>
> "6. Prohibiting sale of liquor on board excursion boats and in tenement-houses.
>
> "7. Requiring licensees to keep the interior of their premises open to view.
>
> "8. Care has been taken that no provision of this bill shall infringe upon or affect the 'Civil Damage Act,' or the 'Local Option Law.'"

This bill offers a fair trial of the principle of high license. It defines a simple and intelligible policy, which commends itself to the general common-sense of the community. The terrible evils of intemperance need no repetition to those who would honestly do something to restrain them. But the question of temperance laws is wholly one of expediency. Intemperance produces crime, and consequently increases taxation, and the citizen asks how this result can be best prevented or modified. When experience shows that absolute prohibitory laws not only do not prevent intemperance, but breed evasion and contempt of the authority of law, it is no answer to say that dram-selling is a crime. If the object be to limit its evil results, experience shows that merely to repeat that it must be prohibited is practically to increase the evil. The sentiment in regard to high license is shown by a recent election in Wisconsin. The last Legislature raised the license fee from $75 to $200, and gave the cities and towns an option to raise this sum to $350 or $500 by popular vote. The first election under this law was held Tuesday, and of fifty-nine towns reported, twenty-two carried a $200 license, one voted for a $350 fee, and thirty-six for $500. The Prohibitionists took no part in the vote.

Meanwhile, those who believe that a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors is wise and desirable will not be affected by telling them that in opposing high license they are merely giving full swing to the evil that they deplore. Their reply is that of all moral reformers—that they will not compromise with what they hold to be a deadly sin, and that if the result of an election in which they support their own ticket is the success of a party which is less friendly to temperance than its opponent, the responsibility lies with the party which will not go far enough to prevent it. The Prohibitionists are no more disturbed by being told that their course merely helps the Democratic party, and that the Democratic party is the liquor-dealers' party, than the Liberty party men of 1844 were disturbed by the assertion that they ought to support the Whig party because it was more antislavery than the Democratic. They preferred present defeat as the best means of making the Whig party thoroughly antislavery, or forcing a reconstruction of parties. The Prohibitionists' cause is very different, but their reasoning is the same. Their members of the Legislature, upon the same principle, may oppose the new excise bill, but we hope, in the interest of temperance and good order, that the bill will become law.

A WEAK SPOT.

The New York Republican platform begins properly with a declaration upon the question of immediate and paramount interest, civil service reform. This declaration, except in its final clause, is ample and satisfactory, and when it was confirmed by the nomination of a candidate who represented its principle, the Re-

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publican party in New York resumed its old position as a party of clean methods and clean men.

The mischievous final clause of which we speak is this:

> "Honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who are shown by competitive examination to possess the necessary requirements should be given the preference in certification and appointment."

The Democratic Convention, with most suspicious haste, promptly made a similar declaration. It is not an explicit statement, but Mr. Bliss gave his interpretation of it in a way to suggest that it was a virtual approval of the principle of the Earl bill. The present provision of law is that of all who pass the required minimum, the four highest shall be certified, and if one of them be a soldier or sailor honorably discharged, that he shall have the preference in appointment. The new proposition is that all such soldiers who pass the minimum, however low their standing, shall have precedence of all others, however high. The Earl bill goes a step farther, and exempts such soldiers and sailors from the competitive examination altogether. It was supported by the same arguments which are urged for the clause in the platform, and it was brought forward by the shrewdest enemies of reform for the same purpose of crippling the law.

The clause in the platform is a bid for the soldier vote, and an effort to commit the party to the Earl bill. But like that bill, whose passage next winter the clause is intended to promote, it is a proposition which assumes that the American soldier is not the equal in capacity of other citizens, which is urged by the poorest kind of politicians for their own purposes, and which is resented as an insult by the gallant, patriotic, and intelligent soldiers and sailors. It is, however, a striking illustration of the proved power of the reform sentiment in the public mind that a committee of which Mr. Bliss was chairman was compelled to refrain from adding anything but this transparent bit of demagoguery to the otherwise complete and satisfactory declaration.

LAST COUNSELS OF GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant's final service to the country will not be accounted as the least. His wise and pacific counsels to patience and good-will derive a profound emphasis and significance from the fact that he was the great soldier of the war. At the late meeting of his old regiment, the Twenty-first Illinois, Colonel Fred Grant read to the veterans "the last lines written by my father on matters pertaining to the war." The regiment listened in reverent silence. At the end of the reading there was a solemn response of "Amen," and the old soldiers quietly separated.

> "I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federals and the Confederates. I can not stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel it within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last seems to me the beginning of the answer to 'Let us have peace.' The expressions of these kindly feelings are not restricted to a section of the country nor to a division of the people. They came from individual citizens of all nationalities, from all denominations—the Protestant, the Catholic, and the Jew—and from the various societies of the land, scientific, educational, religious, or otherwise. Politics did not enter into the matter at all. I am not egotist enough to suppose all this significance should be given this matter because I was the object of it. But the war between the States was a very bloody and a very costly war. One side or the other had to yield principles they deemed dearer than life before it could be brought to an end. I commanded the whole of the mighty host engaged on the victorious side; I was, no matter whether deservedly so or not, a representer of that side of the controversy. It is a significant and gratifying fact that Confederates should have joined heartily in this spontaneous move. I hope the good feeling inaugurated may continue to the end."

THE MORAL OF A RECENT PUBLICATION.

The recent publication of a private letter of Mr. Murat Halstead's to Secretary Chase in February, 1863, was undoubtedly due to some breach of honorable confidence, and was probably a source of keen regret to the writer. It was written, as he explains, by a young man in the midst of the passions and imperfect knowledge of a tremendous civil convulsion, and expresses the feelings and urges the counsels which were prompted by the situation as it then appeared to him—a situation which, in the nature of the case, can never be completely and justly comprehended at the time. Mr. Halstead alludes to a report in regard to General Grant's habits which was then so generally believed that it occasioned one of Mr. Lincoln's famous remarks, that he should like to send a jug of Grant's whiskey to every general in the army.

None the less, it is unpleasant for the writer of such a letter, however honestly written, to be confronted by it in print nearly a quarter of a century later, and when the man whom it describes has just died amid universal sorrow, and is already placed among the great patriots and soldiers of history. Yet there is a way in which even such a mortification may be "sanctified" to the offender, namely, by sternly subduing the evil habit of vituperation, and it is unfortunate that it has not occurred to our esteemed contemporary; for while he explains that he was a young man and under great excitement when the letter was written, and so throws himself upon the compassionate forgiveness of the public, he is doing every day, and has done for eighteen months, the very thing which he hopes may be forgiven.

During the last year's campaign, and in all that he says of the President now, he pours out the same reckless and immoderate abuse. Those with whom he does not politically agree he virtually denounces, as he did Grant, as drunken, stupid, and foolish. Preference of country to party he describes quite as he described Mr. Lincoln's generous forbearance, as "weak, puling, piddling humanitarianism," and every Republican who followed his own conscience he would be glad to see some avenger "take by the throat and knock his head against a wall." If this was deplorable writing in a private letter, what is it in a public journal? Mr. Halstead says that, however wrong he may have been in his estimate of men and events in 1863, he shall always hold the enmity of spies and plunderers to be an honor. Undoubtedly; and so he will doubtless always trust the multiplication table. But the thing that a man who sincerely thought Grant to be a stupid drunkard, whose head ought to be knocked against a wall, ought not to trust, is his own judgment and a disposition to blackguard those from whom he differs upon questions of public duty.

THE CROW CREEK RESERVATION.

Two months have passed since the time fixed by the President for the intruders upon the Crow Creek reservation in Dakota to depart with all their property. This forbearance of the government is not unnatural, but it must not be abused. At the instance of Secretary Teller, an order was issued by President Arthur opening the reservation to white settlers. The highest permission was thus given, and it was equivalent to an invitation. If there were honest settlers who availed themselves of it, they may justly feel that they are hardly treated.

They have been summoned again to retire, and in case of delay the agent is authorized to call upon the military commander to remove them. Meanwhile the conduct of the Indians is admirable. Their lands are partly occupied by settlers without right, and probably not at all friendly or conciliatory. Yet the agent, Mr. Gassman, testifies that,

> "pressed upon all sides by the white settlers who came upon the reservation under the order of President Arthur, they have yet refrained from any hostile or violent act. Some have complained of ill treatment from the settlers, yet in no instance have they returned evil for evil."

This testimony will suggest to those who think that Indian wars usually begin by the offenses of wicked Indians that in the contact of two races conflicts and crimes usually spring from the reckless contempt of rights and of justice upon the part of the stronger and superior race.

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

There is much secrecy in the various organizations of labor, and much misunderstanding of their character and objects. Nothing, however, would be more unjust than to question the right and often the practical wisdom of such organizations, which in this free country, if nowhere else, are inevitable. All that we have heard of one of them, called the Knights of Labor, is so honorable that we were greatly surprised to see them denounced as the allies of the foreign miners in the recent appalling massacre of the Chinese laborers at Rock Springs, Wyoming. That crime was so wanton and inhuman that any organization of American citizens which was privy to it would be justly odious to every true American.

A recent letter from Rock Springs in the *Evening Post*, however, states distinctly that the miners were hoping to be supported by the Knights of Labor, but that the members of that organization who are in the employment of the Union Pacific road "are free in their denunciations of the whole business, and assert their confidence that the strike will be confined to the miners." And a later telegram to the *Herald* says:

> "It is learned to-night from what is believed to be an official source that there will be no strike on the Union Pacific Railway. The reason given is that the Knights of Labor, by organizing the strike, would practically indorse the killing of the Chinese at Rock Springs. So they have determined to settle the trouble by more peaceable means."

This is consistent with what we have heard of the organization, and we trust that it will prove to be authentic. For if the Knights of Labor, or any similar organization, should be proved to have abetted such crimes, there is not a labor association in the country that would not be distrusted. It was the supposed abduction and murder of Morgan that gave Masonry everywhere a blow from which it has not yet recovered.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

The opponents of the extension of suffrage to women have always contended that the most intelligent women did not ask for it, and that, were it granted, it would merely increase the unintelligent vote. They have therefore been content to say that it would be time to consider the question seriously when the demand was seriously and generally made. Meanwhile, however, certain concessions have been made to the limited demand, and in Boston as in New York the school elections have been opened to women upon certain conditions.

Last year a Roman Catholic member of the School Board in Boston, having voted to discontinue a school in a certain neighborhood where the presence of the school prevented the opening of dram-shops, his name was omitted from the ticket which was supported by the women voters this year. Choosing to regard this incident as an attack upon his Church instead of a blow at the dram-shop, a Catholic clergyman in Charlestown advised that women should take care to be registered and vote at the next school election. The result is the enrollment of 1843 women against 271 last year, and it is computed that there will be more than twice as many women voters this year as there were last year.

Archbishop Williams, of the Boston diocese, however, says that not only is there no movement of his Church to enroll women to vote, but that he does not approve of the participation of women in politics. He adds that politicians will undoubtedly try to enlist their aid, especially for questions of temperance and of other reforms. The archbishop might have added that in the school question their aid will be still more earnestly invoked. The admission of women to the school suffrage, which is also legalized in New York, is in this view a fact so serious that those who are accustomed to say that it would be time enough to consider the question when women ask to have it considered, should reflect that the first step toward general suffrage has been already taken. The principle is established. If a woman owning property which is taxed for schools may properly vote upon the expenditure of the tax for that purpose, she may logically vote upon other public expenditures.

PERSONAL.

The horses of Madame Marie Roze's carriage were taken out of the traces recently in Dublin, after her successful singing, and the vehicle drawn by the populace, but her husband, Colonel Henry Mapleson, was relieved of his silver cigarette case in the crowd. On a former occasion, in the same city, when Mlle. Titiens had been similarly honored, the horses were stolen, and Colonel J. H. Mapleson had to foot the bill.

—In his statue of the musician Berlioz, M. Leloir has abandoned the classic. The composer is seen leaning on his desk, with one hand supporting his head, and the other resting in his trousers pocket.

—During her coming concert tour in this country, Miss Nevada—who will then be Mrs. Palmer—will be the only lady in the company, the four other members being male Italians.

—Prince Bismarck's trusted medical attendant, Dr. Schweininger, first became professionally acquainted with him at Carlsbad, where the Prince was drinking the waters. "Don't ask so many questions," said Bismarck to the doctor, whom he had called in. "I am at your service, Prince," replied the doctor, mildly. "If, however, you desire to be treated without being questioned, I have only to suggest that you should call in a veterinary surgeon, who is accustomed to prescribe in that fashion." After this episode, the two men became warm friends.

—Mr. E. D. Wadsworth writes from Milton, Massachusetts: "Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, in his paper on 'A Model State Capital,' in the October number of Harper's Magazine, makes the mistake of crediting Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth with hiding the charter of Connecticut in the oak-tree. This was done by Captain Joseph Wadsworth, in 1687, October 31, as stated by Trumbull in his *History of Connecticut*, vol. i., page 391. Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth was born in 1743, and rendered important service to his State and country during the Revolutionary war."

—The term of President Grévy, of the French Republic, will expire next December, and the general impression is that he will be re-elected, although few Frenchmen suppose that he much desires the honor. Indeed, one of his tenants, a miller in a village near Paris, tells a reporter that in a recent conversation M. Grévy expressed himself as weary of official cares, and anxious to rusticate in the neighborhood of the miller's cottage.

—"It is amusing," writes a foreign journalist, "to observe the contempt with which the craze about Jumbo is still spoken of. What was there contemptible about it? If one person had been interested in the huge beast, nobody would have been annoyed, but because a million ones were interested, the interest was pronounced insane." Mr. Barnum considers the Jumbo epoch the proudest of his life.

—Mr. Gladstone, although from childhood a member "in good and regular standing" of the Church of England, and to-day one of her most loyal sons, declares that he observes a current throughout the civilized world slowly setting in the direction of disestablishment. "For fifty years," he adds, "there has been a vast and increasing development in the Church to which I belong of the powers of voluntary support, and the attachment of the laity improves both in quantity and quality." Mr. Gladstone, doubtless, has not been blind to the prosperity and marvellous growth of the free Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

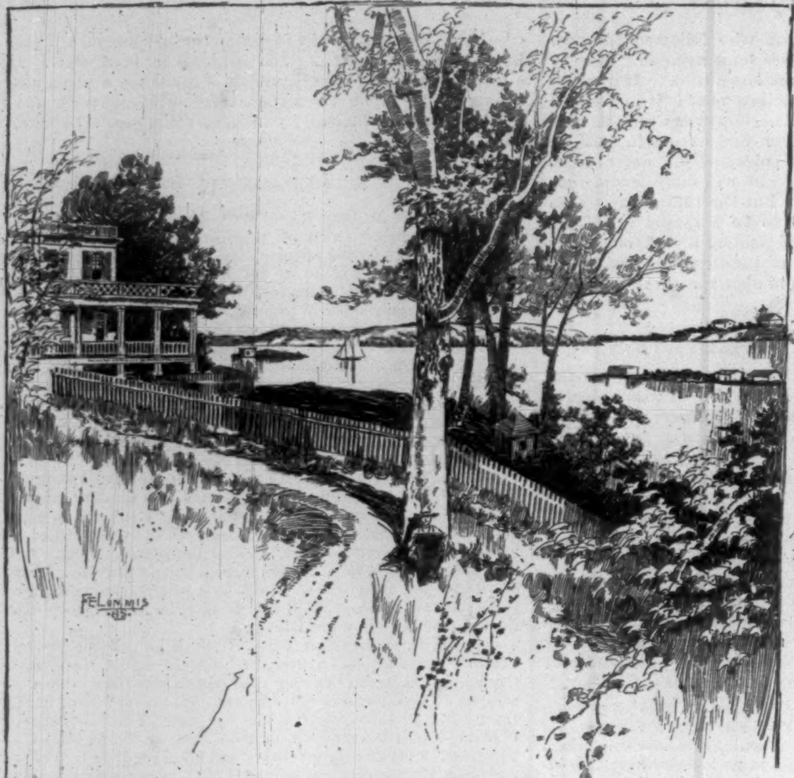
—The deputy chief of the Madrid police, Señor Francisco Melors, is giving his attention to a noted band of robbers which for many years has terrified the south of Spain, under the leadership of the notorious Manuel Melgares. During the last quarter of a century many gangs of banditti have operated in the country, and since the year 1875 not less than 970 of these ruffians have been captured. The present band is the only one left; but as its members are armed with Winchester repeaters, their subjugation is somewhat formidable. They have already been condemned to death, and their captain is a person of much social and political prestige.

—A recent visitor to the Cornish mines rejoices to say that some of the most intrepid excursionists are ladies. Not long ago a young lady descended to the very bottom of the pit. "I can only break my neck once," said she. She was an American. "Nothing can beat the Americans," he adds. "Once in the Himalayas I met an American young lady, a great traveller and most accomplished, who told me how she contrived to procure hot whiskey and water on more than one journey on the Indian railway lines. She stepped out of her carriage, mug, or whatever it was, in her hand, walked to the engine, and got the hot water from the stoker. By a caprice of fate one of the mighty men of Simla was just about that time lecturing on the American war; and she had the unexpected pleasure of listening to an appreciative criticism of her illustrious father's exploits."

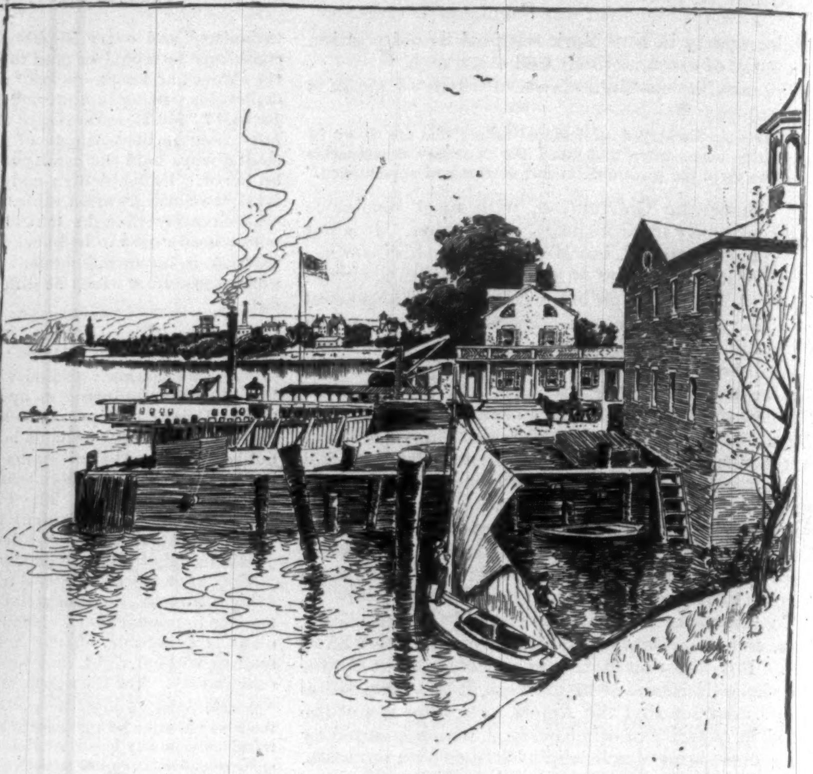
—During the Italian revolution of 1860, when Garibaldi was leading his enthusiastic armies to new conquests, his loyalty to King Victor Emanuel appeared in a letter written to that sovereign, in which occur the following words, recently made public for the first time: "Your Majesty knows what deep affection and reverence I cherish toward your person, and how I long to obey you. At the termination of my mission [the capture of Naples] I shall lay at the feet of your Majesty the authority which circumstances have conferred on me, and I shall be very fortunate to obey you the rest of my life."

—Miss Frances Colenso, daughter of the late Bishop Colenso, of South Africa, a courageous and gallant woman, even now devotes herself to a vindication of the late King Cetywayo, whose cause her father so long and bravely championed. She has written a book in two volumes to show that British doings in Zululand have ruined that country, and that Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Wolseley, and other British representatives deserve a cordial condemnation. By this act she has given to her name a lasting and honorable place in African annals.

—Mr. W. D. Howells long ago acquired a transatlantic reputation as a great artist, but the *Pall Mall Gazette* feels moved to emphasize that fact by declaring that "slowly and by gradual tentative stages even we Philistine English people are beginning with a grudging reluctance to perceive it. The extreme delicacy and lightness of his humor, the exquisitely evanescent aroma of his truly native genius, have prevented a solid, stolid, hard-headed race, brought up on beef and beer and Dickens, from readily appreciating the unrivalled daintiness and gracefulness of his masterly touch. We are, as a nation, too slow and heavy to rise at once to the airy little bait he dangles so cleverly and fantastically before us. And then, too, he has resolutely and sternly set his face against that last superstition of the Dark Ages, that a novel must necessarily base itself upon a fact or incident utterly unusual in ordinary life. To judge by the average run of British novels, an intelligent inquirer of the twenty-fifth century might come to the conclusion that in the opinion of Englishmen of the age of Gladstone a murder, a bigamy, the forging of a will, or a bank robbery were the only episodes in human life worth a moment's consideration from a rational being."



THE OLD GRACIE HOUSE, EIGHTY-NINTH STREET, EAST RIVER, IN 1859.



HELL GATE FERRY, EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, EAST RIVER, IN 1860.

PREPARING TO OPEN HELL GATE.

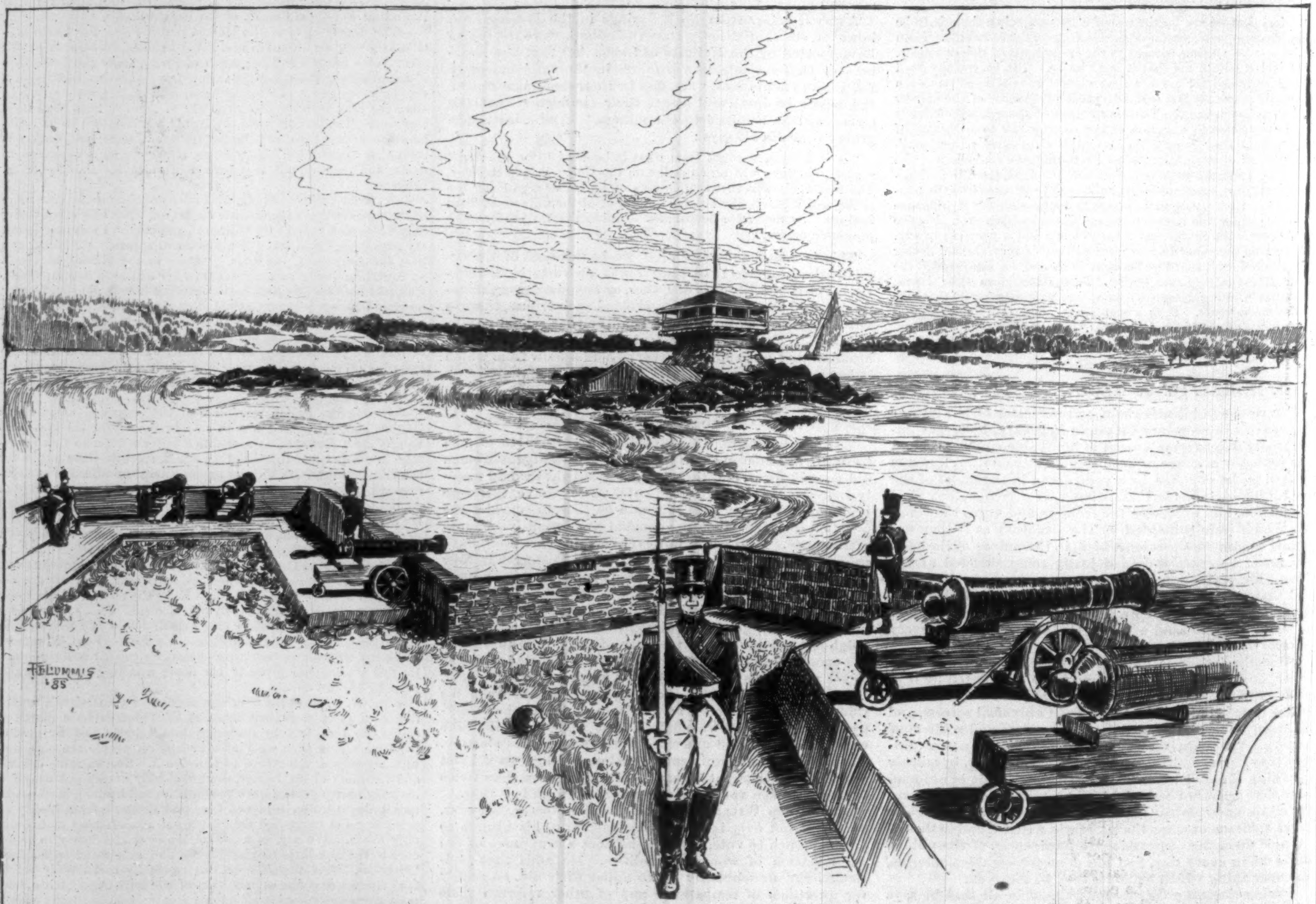
In his charming and picturesque *History of New York*, Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker vividly describes the first exploration, by the Dutch, of those waters bounding Manhattan Island on the east. In a note to this chapter he refers to Hell Gate, and says:

"This is a narrow strait in the Sound, at the distance of six miles above New York. It is dangerous to shipping, unless under the care of skillful pilots, by reason of numerous rocks, shelves, and whirlpools. These have received sundry appellations, such as the Gridiron, Frying-pan, Hog's Back, Pot, etc., and are very violent and turbulent at certain seasons of the tide."

In this narrow and turbulent strait the exploring fleet of the doughty Van Kortlandt was so sorely buffeted that he then and there bestowed upon it the sinister title that it has since borne. From that day to this it has been regarded with terror by those mariners who have been obliged to navigate among its savage tides, swirling eddies, and intricate channels. All coastwise vessels bound to and from eastern ports must pass through this ominous gateway; and from these fleets it has for many years collected toll with grim regularity at the rate of one schooner a week. The value of vessels and their cargoes passing Hell Gate each day is estimated to be between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, and as this vast traffic is constantly increasing, the importance of removing the obstructions at this point can readily be appreciated.

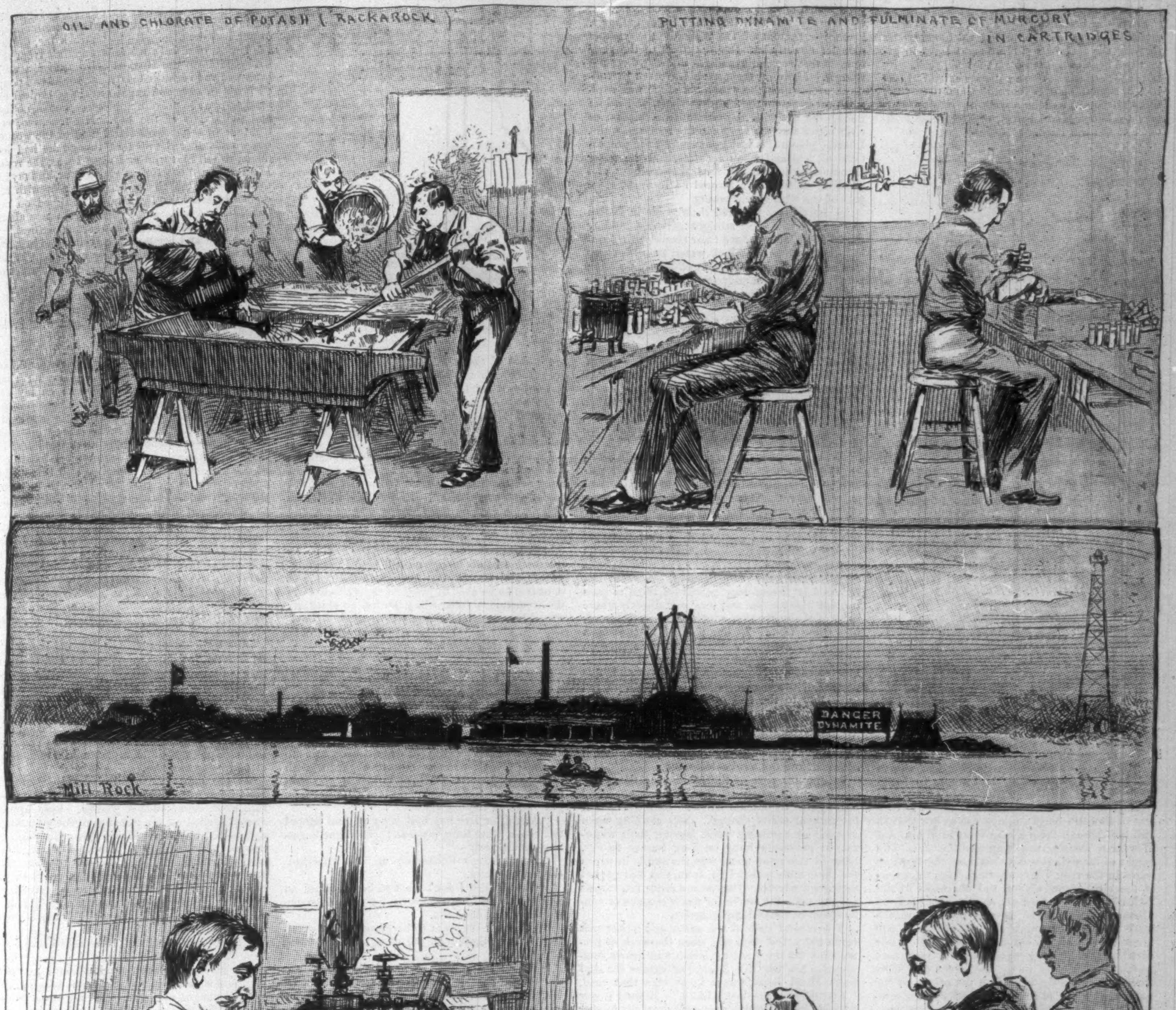
Instead of being six miles from New York, as it was in the days of Mr. Knickerbocker, Hell Gate is now opposite that thickly populated part of the city lying adjacent to Ninety-second Street, from the foot of which a ferry crosses its troubled waters to Astoria, on the Long Island side. For many years engineers of the United States government have been engaged in removing Hell Gate's menacing rocks and reefs. Little by little they have steadily improved the channel, and in the autumn of 1876, after years of arduous labor in preparing the mine, they blew up and destroyed, by one gigantic explosion, the dangerous reef that extended into the river from Hallet's Point. In this effort 50,000 pounds of explosives were used, and it was the largest single blast that had ever been fired. As a result the site of the once dreaded reef is now a twenty-six foot channel at mean low water, and Hell Gate is shorn of many of its terrors.

Although this reef was blown into history, many perils, in the shape of rocks and reefs, still remained; and to these the attention of the engineers was next directed. The most formidable of them is Middle Reef, lying on the western side of the main channel, but in the very middle of the river. Its prominent rocks are Flood Rock, Nigger Head, Hen and Chickens, and Gridiron; and of them all, Flood Rock was the most dangerous. Immediately upon finishing their work at Hallet's Point, the engineers began work upon Middle Reef, and sunk a shaft sixty feet deep in Flood Rock. From the material thus excavated they built an island on and about it, which they made the base of their operations. This island is about half an acre in extent, and is, or has been until within a few days, covered with buildings containing engines,



HELL GATE, FROM OLD FORT STEVENS, SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

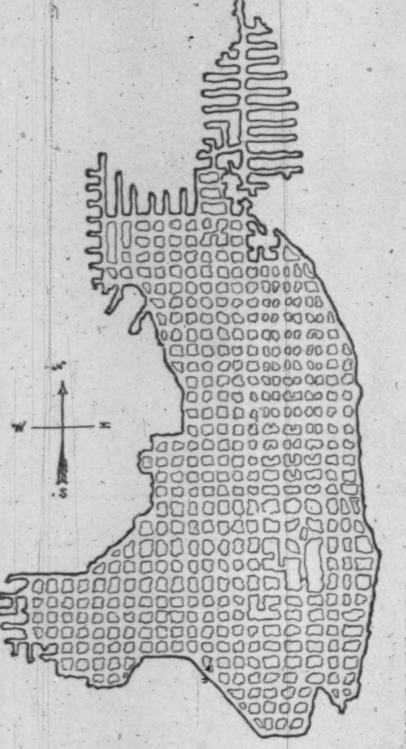
HELL GATE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.—Drawn from Old Prints by F. E. Lummis.


OIL AND CHLORATE OF POTASH (RACKAROCK)
PUTTING DYNAMITE AND FULMINATE OF MURCURY IN CARTRIDGES
DANGER DYNAMITE
Mill Rock
SOLDERING CARTRIDGES BY STEAM
LOADING CARTRIDGES WITH RACKAROCK
W.P.Snyder

PREPARING TO OPEN HELL GATE—MANUFACTURING EXPLOSIVES ON MILL ROCK.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

steam-pumps, hoisting apparatus, machine-shops, and all the appurtenances of a complete mining plant.

From the bottom of the shaft, galleries were driven in every direction through the tough gneiss forming the reef, until a mine eight acres in extent had been excavated from the solid rock. By linear measurement these galleries extend 21,670 feet, or something over four miles, and to traverse them all entails as long a walk as from the Battery to Forty-second Street, or from the Post-office to Central Park.



GROUND-PLAN OF EXCAVATIONS OF FLOOD ROCK.

The ground-plan of these extensive excavations shows twenty-three headings, running nearly north and south, and crossed at right angles by forty-six galleries. All the passages are twenty-five feet apart; but while some of them are twenty feet or more in height, others are so low that in walking through them a man must bend his head in order to avoid hitting it against the roof. The height of the galleries depends upon the depth of water in the river above them, and the thickness of the roof depends upon the character of the rock of which it is formed; so that it varies from fifteen to twenty feet. In this roof and in the walls and pillars supporting it nearly 15,000 holes have been drilled and filled with copper cartridges, containing dynamite and rackarock powder. The holes in the roof were drilled by threes, one directly upward in the centre of the gallery, and one at each side, but inclined outward at an angle of 45°. Each is ten feet deep, and thus every pair of side holes in adjacent galleries approach each other. The weight of the explosive material with which these holes are charged is 275,000 pounds, or nearly six times as much as was used in blowing up the reef at Hallet's Point; and the result of its discharge will be an upheaval grander and more terribly destructive than anything of the kind ever before conceived and effected by men. In spite of its magnitude, it will be awaited with much less of trepidation than was felt regarding the blowing up of Hallet's Reef. That was a first experiment on a colossal scale, and even its projectors were somewhat fearful of its results; but it proved so harmless to everything save the reef itself that the effects of this greater explosion may be anticipated without anxiety.

Of the immense number of cartridges used to produce this explosion only two or three thousand are connected with each other and with the firing battery by insulated copper wire, the supposition being that the concussion produced by the firing of these will explode the rest. The placing of the cartridges was finished about the last of September, and now the work of removing all the buildings, and the material composing the island on Flood Rock, is progressing rapidly. An effective tamping of the great blast has been secured by flooding the mine, and at the time of this writing it is expected that by October 7 or 8 the end of this gigantic labor will be reached, and Hell Gate will be robbed of the chiefest of its terrors.

Twice during the past year have the artist who has so vividly portrayed the scenes of preparation and the writer visited Flood Rock. On both occasions, through the courtesy of Lieutenant GEORGE McC. DERBY, who, under General JOHN NEWTON, is superintendent of the works, they have been permitted to descend into the galleries of the black subaquatic mine, and study the operations therein conducted. Upon the first of these occasions they were conveyed from Hallet's Point, on which, at the water's edge, the earthworks of old Fort Stevens, a Revolutionary redoubt, may still be traced, by the government tug *General A. A. Humphreys*, direct to Flood Rock. There each of them was provided with a helmet, cape, and huge boots of rubber, and a little flaring oil lamp attached to the end of a two-foot stick.

Towering from the midst of the low black buildings on the island rose the gaunt frame of the hoisting apparatus above the main shaft, beyond which opened a second shaft containing a wooden stairway that led to the lower galleries. From the bottom of the stairway the visitors plunged directly into the blackness of the rude tunnels that seemed to radiate in every direction from it. Many of them were traversed by railways, over which the excavated stone was hauled in car-loads to the hoisting shaft, and all of them were wet with the constant percolation of river water through seams in the roof and walls. In some places this leakage assumed the proportions of jets and small torrents, and the water accumulated so rapidly that the draining and pumping of the mine formed no inconsiderable part of the whole undertaking.

As the visitors followed their guide in Indian file through the long straight galleries, holding their flaring lamps above their heads and splashing through pools of black water, the effect was that of a small and forlorn torch-light procession parading through muddy streets on an intensely dark and very rainy night, and they were inclined to be very facetious at each other's expense.

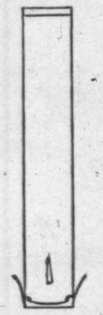
Beside the railway in the main headings ran iron pipes, through which compressed air was conducted to the drills. Following these, and guided also by the regular *chuff, chuff, chuff*, of the drills, and the sharp rattle of their steel points against the hard rock, the visitors came every now and then to little groups of miners working by the uncertain light of their smoky lamps, and driving the ten-foot holes into the walls and roof of the tunnels.

As the party tramped and waded through heading after heading the openings of the cross galleries often disclosed black depths in which rushed unseen waters. These were the deep drainage canals that carried the rapidly inflowing water from all parts of the mine to a great central well, from which it was pumped to the surface and discharged. Near the northern end of the works they encountered a massive dam of timbers built directly across the main heading: A small but enormously strong door permitted them to pass through this barrier, and they saw directly where most of the water that supplied the drainage canals came from. At one side of the gallery a blast had uncovered a long jagged seam, through which the river water was pouring in a sparkling cascade. The timber dam, by which this portion of the heading could be cut off, offered protection to the rest of the mine in case this seam became enlarged and the water rushed in in uncontrollable torrents. Without such a safeguard the whole mine was liable at any moment to become flooded, every human being within it drowned, and the works destroyed.

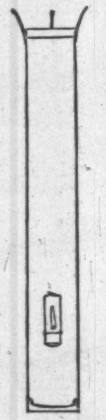
In another part of the mine, near the shaft, stood a tight wooden house, steam-heated, and well lighted by bracket lamps. Here the men of the several shifts changed their clothing upon quitting or resuming work, leaving their water-soaked garments hung on long frames to dry. Near by this mine house was the stable in which the three mine mules, Dan, John, and Mary, spent their leisure hours. They were a sleek, fat, vicious lot, and none the worse for many months of confinement in those damp quarters.

The second visit of the artist and writer was made but a few days ago, when the work of preparation for the great explosion was nearly completed. On Big Mill Rock, just across the reef from Flood Rock, was a large sign that read, "Nitro-Glycerine—Don't Land." Beyond it was a rough shed in which men were carefully mixing chlorate of potash, and a black oil that they called dinitro-benzole. These harmless ingredients when combined formed the terribly destructive rackarock, which is the principal explosive to be used in destroying the reef. It looked like a wet and inferior grade of brown sugar as it was being mixed in a leaden trough by two men, who used wooden hoes. Only fifty pounds were mixed at a time, and then it was put into the copper cartridge cases, rammed down with a wooden rammer, and the tops of the cartridges were soldered in place by means of steam-heated soldering irons.

The prepared cartridges were set in partitioned wooden boxes, each of which held a dozen, and a dozen or so of these boxes were taken on board the tug and carried over to Flood Rock, where, with the utmost care, they were landed and lowered down the shaft into the mine.

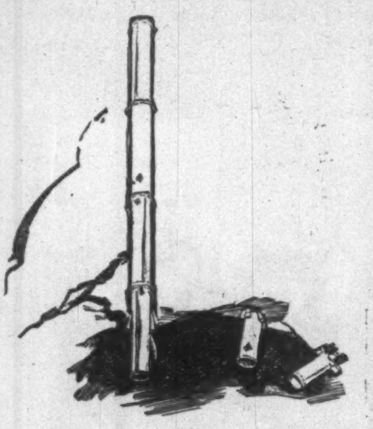


DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE.



RACKAROCK CARTRIDGE.

Here the scene was the same, and yet very different, from what it had been while the excavation was in progress. The ominous silence was unbroken save by the rush, splash, or steady drip of the encroaching waters, and the throb of the great pumps that worked unceasingly to the very end to keep the mine from being flooded; there was no noise of busy steam-drills, nor rattle of stone-laden cars. The men who handled the cartridges were a grave, sober lot, who worked in silence with a full consciousness of the awful hazard they were running, and a knowledge of the terrible consequences that might follow a single misstep or careless motion. Some of them, mounted on ladders or rude platforms, received the cartridges as they were handed up to them, and carefully inserted them in the holes that had been drilled for their reception, pushing them home with wooden rammers. In every case a few inches of the last cartridge were allowed to project beyond the hole, in which, if they were loose, they were held in position by little brass spurs projecting from their rims. Over fifty thousand of these cartridges were thus placed before the mine was pronounced wholly charged and ready to be exploded.



CARTRIDGES IN POSITION.

During the many weeks that this most delicate and hazardous work of charging the mine was in progress, Lieutenant DERBY personally superintended its every detail, spending his nights as well as his days on the scene of operations, and becoming more anxious and care-worn as his task neared its completion and his terrible responsibilities increased. On the day of the grand consummation of his labors he will board the *Humphreys*, and remain near enough to the scene of upheaval to be able to judge of the full effect of the tremendous force which he has so skillfully stored beneath the rushing waters of Hell Gate.

KIRK MUNROE.

IN A DIM LIGHT.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

"RIDE up straight away till you come up under Heltor Down—the round pine-tree wood a-top o' the hill to your left is Heltor Down, master—and then bear away to your right till you come to a house standing lonely like in a garden, with high pales all round 'um, and then if you sees any one, and likes to do it, there's no harm in your making inquiry again."

"And after I've inquired my way, and passed the house, what then, my man? The light is getting dim already—"

"Ay, so; fog's thickening up," he interrupted, complacently.

"Exactly, and I don't want to be befogged on Dartmoor. Tell me the shortest cut I can take to the nearest village inn."

"Where do 'ee want to be gwain?" the excellent fellow asked, with the slow, stolid curiosity of his class.

"I *did* want to push on to Prince Town—"

"Gently does it, master," he said, leaning on his pickaxe and surveying me with lethargic derision. "I've told 'ee where to go and how to go there."

"You've only told me the road for a short way. Where does it lead to?"

"I'll tell 'ee again"—he spoke with maddening moderation. "I'll tell 'ee again; *I* don't groodge a fellow-creature all the good a few words from me may do him: you ride away till you come up under Heltor Down—the round pine-tree wood a-top of the hill is Heltor Down, master—and then bear away to your right till you come to a house standing lonely like in a garden, with high pales all round 'um, and then if you sees any one and likes to do it, there's no harm in your making inquiry again."

"Can they direct me to Prince Town?"

"Ay, sure, if they know the way themselves."

It was the close of a midsummer day, and all nature was dripping, as it is the wont of nature to do at midsummer as well as the other seasons in Devonshire. Breathing a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for being only a wayfarer through this damp and depressing western land, I set myself to the serious consideration of what it would be best for me to do if the information I received at the lonely house under Heltor Down annihilated my hopes of gaining the shelter of an inn before black, impenetrable darkness made the wild, pathless moor dangerous travelling ground.

The necessity for riding slowly gave me plenty of time for reflection before I reached the lonely house, and I found my mind dwelling curiously on an episode that had occurred the previous evening at Plymouth.

I had gone to a livery-stable to which I had been recommended as a likely place at which to find a stout cob for sale at a reasonable price. My intention had been to buy a horse, to ride it over Dartmoor and such portions of the county as were not readily accessible by train, and then sell it at some market-town when the days of my holiday were ended.

In pursuance of this intention I had been standing in the livery-stable yard looking over a likely cob with the owner, when a gentlemanly-looking man in a loose dark overcoat had come up to me, and with a polite apology for having inadvertently listened to our conversation, had offered to show me a horse of his own which, he said, would suit my purpose exactly. I remembered now, as I rode along in the growing gloom, how curiously unlike the horse I had described as being what I wanted was to the animal he introduced to my notice.

But though the horse he offered had not attracted my attention for more than a minute, its owner had done so. He had struck me, during the course of a walk we took together from the livery-stable to the Hoe, as being rather a well-informed and versatile individual, for he had poured forth an easy and rapid stream of critical remarks upon the prevailing pictures, books, policy, and philosophy of the day. His tone, too, was the tone of a gentleman and man of the world; but I remembered now that though he had led me on to tell him who and what I was, the route I had sketched out for my riding tour, and my intention of taking all my travelling gear with me on horseback in a light valise strapped on my back, he had maintained perfect reticence about himself. At the time this had seemed natural, for my position and needs as a traveller had been on the surface, while he, doubtless a resident in the neighborhood, had merely obeyed an instinct of kindness in offering to serve those needs. So I had half unconsciously reasoned at the time. But now, in solitude and darkness on Dartmoor, I wished I had found out more about him, or let him find out less about me.

It was a trifle, but it came back to me now vividly. On parting he had laughingly cautioned me against wearing a valuable diamond ring, which he just happened to observe on my left hand, during my lonely ride. "Not that you run any risk of being robbed by any of those who are indigenous to the Moor soil," he said; "but some of the high-roads about here are a good deal infested by the genus tramp—fellows who have limped down from London rookeries, and who burgle and rob so cleverly that they contrive to throw the odium on local rascality, which I believe really to be innocent of all offense in that line."

These words of his recurred to me now, and I lost a few minutes in wrenching my ring off my soddened finger and putting it away securely in one of the pockets of my little valise. Then I rode on in the dreary darkness, trying to persuade myself that I enjoyed the uncertainty and romantic discomfort of being alone on an unknown part of Dartmoor on a black night in the dripping rain.

On lifting up my head and gathering up the reins, I pushed on with renewed vigor, for there just before me was a light in a window at last. It burned with such bright encouragement that I gave a shout in response to its mute welcome, and a minute or two afterward another light appeared at an open door, and my horse coming to an abrupt pause, I found that I was close upon the high pales of which my friend the road-mender had made mention.

By the light held at arm's-length above her head I saw a woman standing in the doorway—a tall, stout, commonplace woman, whose appearance dispelled all the romance of the situation at a glance. She came slowly down the path and opened the wicket-gate without a word; but I obeyed her silent motion for me to enter, for I was hungry, and wet through, and ready to welcome the roughest shelter and coarsest food.

"Can I stable my horse here, and may I sit by your kitchen fire till daylight?" I asked, as courteously as I could.

"How come you here?" she asked, and I told her.

She gave vent to an ungracious sound between a sigh and a grunt, and looked at me steadily, till I grew impatient, and said, "Tell me at once if you mean to let me in, or to turn me from your door in this weather."

"The weather isn't the worst thing about here. If I was you I'd push on, and not mind a drop o' rain. You're a gentleman, and our ways are not the ways of gentle-folks in this house. Our ways are rough, master. If I was you I'd push on."

As she spoke I heard a dog bark, and a door opened and shut in haste at the back of the house, and a voice that I thought joyfully for a moment I knew called out, "Polly, where are you?"

"It's my master back from market," the woman explained, hurriedly. "He'll be wroth at seeing a stranger. Go into that shed, sir, with your horse, till I've got my master up to bed; then I'll give you a seat by the fire, and such supper as I have."

She caught me by the arm and half dragged me toward a big wood-shed, where I stood shivering, together with my shivering horse, for the next twenty minutes. At the end of that time she came back, and imposing silence on me by a motion of her hand to her lips, she whispered: "If you come along quiet now I'll give you a bit of supper. My master's apt to come home a bit tired and teasy from market, but he's abed and asleep now, and if you're quiet you can bide by the kitchen hearth till the morning."

She dragged a bundle of hay down from a rack as she spoke, and seeing my horse fall to on this at once, I gladly followed her into the house.

It was a mean house meanly furnished, so far as I could see, but clean. The passage, floored with bright red brick, was barren of everything save a coarse string mat, and the kitchen to which she led me had nothing in it but a big deal table, a settle, a few chairs, and a grandfather's clock.

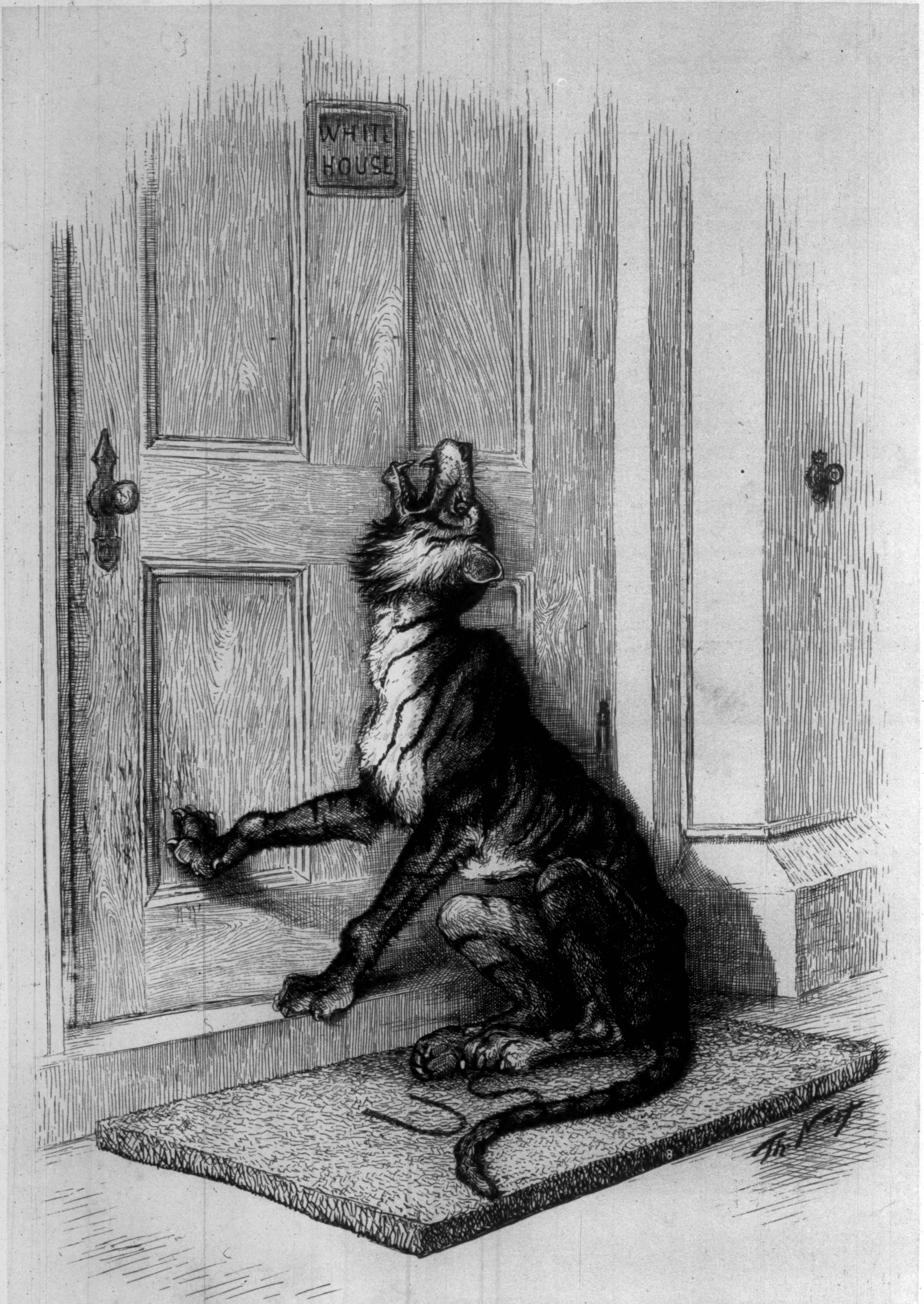
Some brown-bread and Dutch cheese and a jug of scalded milk stood ready for my consumption on the table, and I was preparing to partake of these delicacies with a moorland appetite when a savory odor of roast chicken and daintily made and cooked pastry was wafted in upon me from—somewhere.

I sniffed it in as only a hungry man can sniff, remarking at the same time, "You feed some one in this house better than you're going to feed me, my good woman."

She colored up vividly. "How do you know that?" she asked.

"I smell the fact," I rejoined, laughingly. "You have a lodger, I suppose?"

She shook her head, and lapsed into stolidity.


WHITE HOUSE
Th. Nast

THAT EVERLASTING HUNGRY WAIL.

"No lodger here. What should bring any one here to lodge, master?"

She looked at me so earnestly as she made her disclaimer that I in return looked at her earnestly for the first time.

I have recorded the impression she had made upon me when first I caught sight of her at the wicket-gate in the light that fell from the upraised lamp. Now, looking at her with quickened interest, I saw that the head and face surmounting the tall stout figure had each a luxuriant beauty of its own, which redeemed their possessor from that limbo of "commonplace" to which I had too hastily consigned her.

The hair was rough and inartistically arranged, but it was curly and wavy, and of a ruddy gold-color that, on the head of a fashionable woman, would have been of inestimable value. Her complexion was clear and good also, though the tint on her cheeks might have been a trifle too pronounced; but her face was redeemed from any taint of vulgarity by the depth and beauty of purple eyes, which gleamed out winningly from between long dark curled lashes.

"I thought the trout streams would have brought you lodgers, if you wanted them," I answered, carelessly. And after gazing at me fixedly for a few moments, to see if I meant more than I said, she seemed satisfied to let the subject drop. Taking up her little lamp and bending nearer to me, she whispered:

"You're welcome to a night's shelter, master; but if I was you I'd be on my road soon as the stars show forth. You will find some more milk in that moog, and water in this pitcher, and that's all I can do for you, 'cept advise you to be off soon as the stars show forth."

"Polly!" shouted a voice, sleepily, from the upstairs region; and with a hasty nod to me the woman vanished, closing the kitchen door behind her.

I took out a little warm woollen shawl that had been packed for me for the protection of my throat in cold weather, and wrapping it over my head, I sat in the little corner nearest to the fire, and resigned myself to thought, not to sleep.

Curiously rough and uncouth these moorland people were, I thought. With savory and appetizing viands ready cooked in their house, they had willfully given me barely a crust of bread and cheese and a glass of that scalded milk which would otherwise have been consigned to the pigs' tub. What could their station be? The woman, in dress and manners, was not superior to a laborer's wife, yet the house was too large for a laborer's cottage. Probably, as she spoke of her "husband having been to market," he was a small farmer; yet his voice, as he had called 'Polly' at the back door, curiously resembled another voice that I had heard somewhere. Just now, or long ago? Which was it?

I must have fallen asleep while indulging in these speculations, for I woke with a start. What woke me? In a moment I was quite on the alert. The lamp had gone out, and the fire was a black hole merely. What woke me?

Was it a footstep, a hand touching my foot as it rested on the settle, or a breath passing over my face? It had been one of these things, I could swear, but which? Involuntarily I sprang to my feet, and beating my arms about me in a vague effort at self-protection, I made for the door as best I could in the darkness.

After revolving round the settle and the table, and violently assaulting the grandfather's clock, I reached the door, and after an ineffectual fumble or two I laid hold of the handle, and tugged vehemently at it. But the door withstood my most strenuous attempts to open it, and abruptly, though unwillingly, I came to the conclusion that I was locked in.

Thoroughly awakened by this discovery, I groped my way to the window, determining to make my escape through it without waiting to go through the ceremony of saying good-by to my hostess. Just as I succeeded in unbarring and opening the window, I remembered my valise, which I had left on the settle when aroused. By the time I had got possession of this, a faint gray light stole in through the open window, and by its aid I made my way noiselessly to the wood-shed where I had left my horse.

My horse was gone!

There was not another hut or shed within reach where they could have put him; so deeming that he had found the way to open the door, and had escaped on to the moor, I decided that the best course for me to take was to go in search of him. If I found him—and I should probably soon do so in the fast growing light, I argued—I could come back and inquire my way on to Prince Town. If I failed to find him, I must come back to seek other means of moving on, for my pedestrian powers were of the weakest. In either case it was clearly needless for me to disturb the slumbering cottagers yet awhile.

I climbed up Heltor's highest point, and got a bird's-eye view of the country round, but I could not see anything of my horse. I called aloud upon him, but as I did not know his name, and he did not know my voice, I was not greatly surprised at his not responding. Finally, after wearying myself in vain for an hour or two, I made my way back to the lonely house inside the high palings.

It was broad, bright daylight now, and the woman was moving briskly about her household duties, singing as she worked. She looked surprised, and I thought vexed, when I walked in, and told me at once that "she'd hoped I was well on to Prince Town by this time." But when I told her of my midnight disturbance and my missing horse, she looked grave and confused.

"My master and me never heard nothing in the night. To be sure, he sleeps heavy after market-days; but I'm a light sleeper, and I never heard footfall of man or beast. Mayhap the cheese lay heavy; it do sometimes at night, and you took a nightmare for a noise."

"Not having digested the cheese may account for the noise, as you say. But how about the horse?" I answered.

"Strayed," she said, concisely; and then I asked her if of her charity she would give me some breakfast, and ask her husband if he would drive me on to Prince Town.

"My husband's gone to his work an hour agone," she said, again favoring me with one of those earnest glances which had commanded my attention on the previous night.

"And what is his work?" I asked, frivolously, for in reality I had no keen desire to gain information concerning the vocation of this unknown gentleman.

"It's hard enough," she muttered, turning away to spread the table-cloth.

"Takes him much from home, does it?" I said, cheerfully, for I thought that her sullen demeanor denoted wifely discontent at her lord's absence; and this reminded me of how rapturously my own dear little wife, at home in Bloomsbury, would welcome me back to the safety of my west central home after these wild experiences on Dartmoor.

"If you had staid here to see him before he went out, you could have asked him that yourself, master," she said, curtly, but not uncivilly; and I took the speech and manner as indications of her desire to give all her attention to her household labors.

I ate my breakfast, which meal was a duplicate of my supper, minus the cheese, in silence, and then rose to go.

"You can't lend me a horse and cart, or drive me on to Prince Town, or any part of the way, I suppose?" I said as I opened my valise to find a suitable coin to offer her in payment for the shelter and food she had given.

"I can't, master." She spoke impatiently, and was opening the door with the evident intention of speeding the parting guest, when I cried out:

"My purse is gone! I've been robbed of a ring! What's the meaning of this?" I added the last words in undisguised rage and dismay, as I found that not only my purse, but my diamond ring was gone.

"Don't ask me the meaning of it," she said, dauntlessly advancing toward me. "How do I know that you had either purse or ring? You came here unasked, and I gave you the best I had; and you stole out of my house like a thief in the night, and now come back with a story about having been robbed of your purse and ring. Take care, master; my husband isn't at home, I know as well as you do, but I'm no timid, lone woman to be frightened by your bluster. You clear out of this at once, or I'll help you out."

She need not have assured me that she was "no timid, lone woman," for my declaration that I had "been robbed" seemed to have transformed her into a virago of a most aggressive type.

"Nice thanks I should get from my husband if he knew that in return for my giving a stranger, who'd no right to ask it, shelter from the weather for the night, his house got a bad name, and his wife was as good as called a thief!" she vociferated; and when I expostulated and attempted to protest that I really *had* been robbed, though I didn't for an instant suspect her of being guilty of the foul deed, she grew so loud and boisterous that I was glad at last to escape from the house and her tongue, and, without a guide or any instruction, to try and make my way to some haunt of men.

After many a weary hour's walking, I knew not whither, I came to Prince Town, and there to a police official, summoned at my request by the landlord of the hotel, I told the story of my last night's lodging and my losses.

"We must be back upon them, without any delay, with a couple of constables," he said; and presently I found myself in a dog-cart behind a fast horse, in company with three arms of the law, bowling rapidly back on the road I had recently traversed on foot, so far as I could remember it.

"As for Heltor," the constable said, "there's no beacon or hill of that name on Dartmoor, so far as I know. I think the hedger must have been in the swim, sir." But I scoffed at this suggestion, avowing truthfully that it had never been my lot to see a more innocent or stupid yokel.

It was late in the afternoon when I managed to guide them to the lonely house inside the high palings. The same woman opened the door to us as had sped me stormily in the morning. She looked surprised when she saw my companions, but neither alarmed nor annoyed, and the tone in which she called back to her husband, "Here, Dick, here's the gentleman I told you on, come back with the Bobbies," was distinctly cheerful and amused.

In a moment Dick himself came forward, awkward, but smiling and friendly. He seemed a cross between a farmer and a gamekeeper, I thought, judging from his leggings and brown velveteen coat.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, addressing the constable. "My missus has been telling me that when I went to bed last night, with a glass of hot grog inside me, she was silly enough to let a stranger in. You're he, I s'pose?" he asked, abruptly turning to me. I confessed myself at once, and he went on, sneeringly: "I've found your horse for you; 'twas grazing, quiet as a lamb, not ten yards from my spinny. You're welcome to search for your watch, or whatever 'tis you've lost."

"I don't for a moment suspect your wife or you," I stammered; but he broke in upon my apology with a coarse laugh, and bidding the policemen search, and be quick about it, he went back to his supper.

They searched the house thoroughly; but though upstairs they found one or two things that seemed unaccountably out of place in that habitation, they did *not*, it is almost needless to say, find either my purse or my diamond ring. I left the house firmly believing that I should never gain any clew to their disappearance, or cast eyes upon the master or mistress of that lonely house again.

Before I parted with the policemen, and took my solitary way on my regained horse again, I heard one man say to the other, "Chap don't look much fit for such a bedroom as that, does he?"

"No; and he don't look much as if a light overcoat was the thing he'd go to market in. But Lor' bless you! these fellows that go about the country horse-dealing pick up notions from their betters."

"Is that man a horse-dealer?" I asked, and they told me "a sort of one"; he owned a number of Dartmoor ponies, and made a pretty penny by them at South Brent Fair every year.

"That's where I've seen him, and I've always heard he never came about here till about Brent Fair time," the other man said, indifferently.

Then they bade me good-day, and we went on our respective ways, for I had decided not to go back to Prince Town, but to make my way to a nearer railway station, at which, by leaving my horse in pawn, I might raise funds to carry me back to town.

As I rode along, "Dick's" resemblance to some one I had seen very lately haunted me, but it was not till I had been some hours in the train that I grasped the fleeting fancy, and held it tightly till my memory verified it. "Dick" and my stupid informant, the hedger, were either twins or one.

Two years passed away, and though I had communicated my suspicions to the local police, nothing had come of their efforts to identify my men or recover my lost property. The lonely house was lonelier than ever, I heard, by reason of being uninhabited, and no trace could be found of the gentleman who had accosted me in the livery-stable yard, of the hedger who had laid down his pickaxe in order to laboriously misdirect me, or of "Dick," the owner of the Dartmoor ponies.

I had almost forgotten my adventure, never giving a thought to it, indeed, save on those occasions when my wife sadly bemoaned the loss of that fine diamond ring, which she had always declared ought to have adorned her finger.

Ascot was near at hand, and dining one night with the one friend in our circle who drove a drag and had a couple of teams of good horses, the conversation turned on the various ways in which we were going.

"Go with me, Mrs. Elliot," our host said to my wife. "I can't offer you the box seat, for that's promised to Mrs. Frank Willoughby; but if you two will join us," he went on, looking at me, "we shall be as jolly a party as there will be on the course."

We accepted the invitation, and I idly asked, "And who is the favored Mrs. Frank Willoughby?"

"It's difficult to say, Mr. Elliot," my friend's wife chimed in. "Mrs. Frank Willoughby is the wife of Mr. Frank Willoughby, who is a very charming summer friend of ours—a *this* summer friend, I would have you understand. He's very amusing, and she's very pretty; and they have a delicious little house in Palace Gardens Terrace, and give dear little dinners, and that's about all I can tell you about them."

"Willoughby's an awfully clever fellow"—our host took up the strain of praise enthusiastically—"a first-rate mimic; would run Corney Grain or George Grossmith hard if he went in for that kind of thing in public."

"I've heard that said of several other fellows," I remarked; "and I've generally found that I should be rather sorry for them if they did go in for that kind of thing in public."

"Oh! but Mr. Willoughby really *is* clever—quite as good as a professional," the lady of the house said, eagerly. "You *should* see him flap his arms like wings, and cluck and call like a hen—"

"I think he's better as the obliging man at the picnic who mixes the salad with champagne, and pours out a brimmer of Lucca oil for the local beauty to drink," some one else chimed in.

"Undoubtedly his best thing is the west country peasant," our host said, decidedly. "But you must meet him at dinner here one night, Mrs. Elliot; he won't have scope enough on the top of the drag."

There was a little more conversation about him, all of which went to prove that Mr. Frank Willoughby was one of those genial geniuses who are pronounced to be "decided acquisitions to every circle"; and when we went home that night my wife and I congratulated ourselves and each other on the opportunity so soon to be given us of "knowing the Willoughbys."

As I mounted the drag on the Ascot day I saw that the box seat was occupied by a lovely young woman in a dress the sublime simplicity of which must have cost her husband about as much as I allow my wife to dress on for the whole year. But the wearer of the dress was lovely enough to deserve anything she desired; and when I was introduced to her, and found she was Mrs. Frank Willoughby, I looked round, with something like envy in my usually well-regulated married heart, for the happy man who owned her.

As my eyes travelled over three or four unknown faces and forms, they fell upon a white, well-formed, strong hand, on the fourth or little finger of which sparkled—yes, I could swear it—*my* diamond ring! In another moment I was looking recognizingly into the eyes of the gentleman who had beguiled my spare hour at Plymouth with his graceful and incisive criticisms on the men, pictures, and books of light and leading of the day.

It was all revealed to me now. The accomplished gentleman who could "do" a poultry-yard or Devonshire peasant with equal facility was none other than the hedger and "Dick."

The horses proved unruly, and we started before I could make up my mind what to do. He appeared to be quite unconscious and at ease, but I resolved to tax him with the robbery and give him in charge as soon as I could do so without creating a scene. Meanwhile I kept my eyes on the white hand whereon flashed the diamond ring with such persistency that at last he leisurely drew a pair of gloves from his pocket and put them on.

Meanwhile his beautiful wife on the box kept up a lively stream of badinage, and I wondered what had become of the coarse, big, handsome woman who had lived in the lonely house on the Moor with her husband "Dick."

I took an opportunity of apprising my friend on whose drag we were of what had happened, and what would presently happen, soon after we reached the course. He was shocked, of course, and incredulous, but I knew that I was not mistaken; and so when I saw a detective whom I knew, in plain clothes, at a little distance, I went off to secure his services.

I was not absent five minutes, but when I returned to the drag, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Willoughby had left it.

"They'll be back in a minute," my friend explained, rather anxiously. "His wife's mother passed on with some friends, and though they tried to attract her attention, she didn't see them, so they've run after her; they'll be back directly. But, I say, old fellow, I'm *sure* you're mistaken. Willoughby *can't* be the man you want."

"We shall see," I said; but confidently as I spoke, we have not seen. Whether they are still pursuing his vanishing mother-in-law, or whether they lost their way and missed the drag, or whether, as is more likely, they retired from fashionable life while they could do so with comfort, is not known. But certain it is that from that day to this we have never set eyes on either Mr. or Mrs. Frank Willoughby, or my diamond ring.

WILLIAM PAGE.

A VERY singular and emphatic character has passed into history with the demise of WILLIAM PAGE. During forty years of the most unsettled and indeterminate period of art in America PAGE was its most influential and informing figure. That he outlived his effect and his reputation was the melancholy penalty of his physical misfortunes, but he made, nevertheless, an enduring mark upon his time, and he must ever be recalled as a potent factor for good in all his endeavors and ambitions.

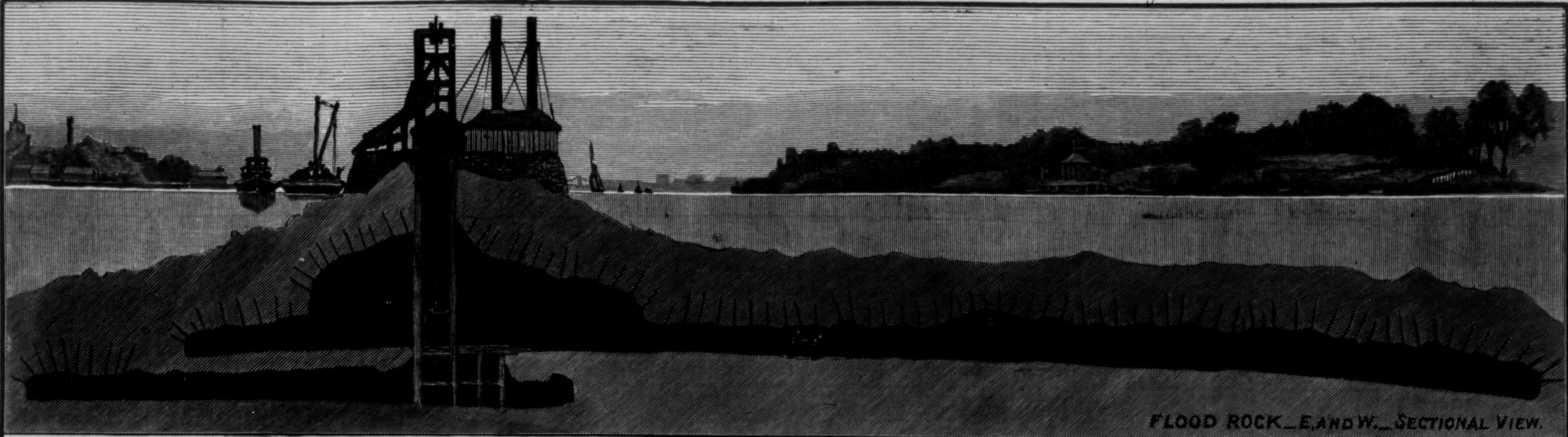
WILLIAM PAGE was born in Albany, in 1811. At eight years old he was brought to New York, and not long after began to take lessons in drawing, some of them from Professor MORSE. After a season of futile dalliance with the law and the ministry, he gravitated irresistibly to art, but it was not until he was almost forty that he was able to visit Europe. He lived mainly in Rome from 1349 to 1865 or thereabouts. After his return to this country his outward life was uneventful, and his industry untiring until he was prostrated ten years ago by a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered.

There was a great deal in common between WILLIAM PAGE and WILLIAM HUNT. Each had a like ideal, but pursued it under wholly dissimilar conditions. HUNT belonged to a later period than PAGE, and enjoyed advantages that were denied to PAGE, and is a much more familiar figure of our own time. But PAGE, when we consider how limited were his opportunities, and how perverting and misleading was the art education of his time, must be conceded to have achieved a most creditable and remarkable distinction. For his circumstances he was a really great painter.

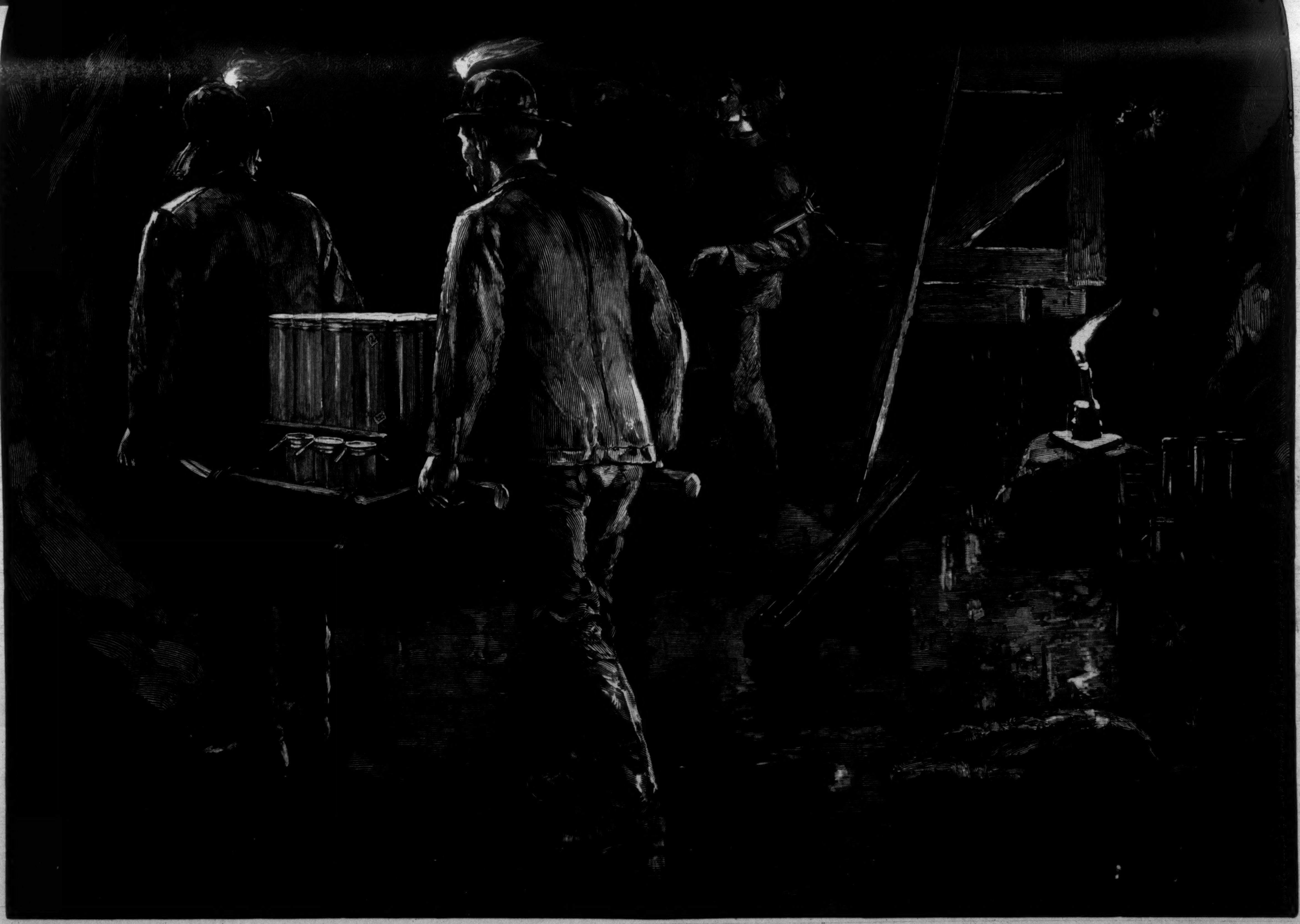
Out of all his divagations, his intellectual excursions, and his fantastic enthusiasms he emerged always a steadfast and coherent student of the truth—sincerity in his every effort, whether it involved a serious and faithful portrait of a friend he loved, or a chimerical conceit of SHAKESPEARE, or a wild fancy to materialize in plaster the attributes of the Saviour. He did nothing by halves, and he had, according to his own light, no apprehension of commonplace. If some of his things seem commonplace to us now, they were never less to PAGE than the products of supreme exaltation, and, what is more, he never failed to so impress, equally with himself, every one with whom he had to do. There was complete contagion in the spiritual atmosphere of the man, and his earnestness and conviction were such that he made all his friends believe as he did, and confirm themselves in their loyalty to him.

He will be best known hereafter, so far as his actual work is concerned, by his portraits. Some of them were masterpieces, portraits in the most exacting sense, and revelations of the deepest and most sympathetic perception. He painted disposition rather than the more obvious anatomy of character.

But there was one splendid feature in his character, generally attractive and admirable as it was, which will ever endear his memory to many men now living; that was his attitude toward the younger men of his profession. His hand was ever extended to them; his generosity and his hearty sympathy embraced all their wants, and there was no source to which they could turn where such earnest and genuine help awaited them. And he never varied: he was the same when he was President of the National Academy, and the same out of it, always generous, warm-hearted, impulsive, fanatical, fantastical, but true and honest WILLIAM PAGE. Of late years no justice has been done him, and a seeming neglect has fallen on him; but it is always that way with the characters that we cherish largely and really honor, when we know that we are only waiting for them to die.



FLOOD ROCK — E. AND W. — SECTIONAL VIEW.



PREPARING TO OPEN HELL GATE—PLACING THE CARTRIDGES.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 660.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

The garden at Velours was not at all like the generally accepted notion of a French garden, although as French as French could be. There was no plan discernible, no scheme traceable, from one end to the other. A *naïve* observer, habitant of the antipodes or the moon, might have supposed this vast bloomery to belong to fire-worshippers, whose sole object in having flowers at all was to be able to make propitiatory offerings to the sun. *Pêle-mêle*, in dire yet sweet confusion, plant elbowed plant, flower was pushed against flower, fruit heaped against fruit, yet all contriving to get a full share of sunshine. This overfilled, too luxuriant garden might be likened to a French crowd, in the good-humored way with which the different units submitted to have standing and breathing room, paying no heed to this neighbor trampling on their toes, that neighbor shutting out their view. Everything smiled and everything flourished.

This crowded condition was also partly due to the fact that in this land of fruit and flowers one crop is never wholly gathered before another is ready. When the grape begins to ripen in September, gooseberries, red as rubies, still cluster on prickly stems, and the tomato is in full glory long before the red and white currants, bright and transparent as carnelians, are stripped from the bushes. The plum and the greengage in turn are neglected for the luscious grape, and the vines are never stripped. As to the flowers, they appear to bloom absolutely for their own pleasure. The sun opens their petals, the shower invigorates their roots, and in happy unconcern, unplucked, untended, they take entire care of themselves from May till October.

When Camma descended to the garden next morning it seemed to her as if she had been days, not weeks, amid these now familiar scenes, not hours, but months, away from her faithful Brindle. The bright, rememberable experiences at Velours already formed part of her life. She felt that, in some way or another, this brief intercourse with sympathetic spirits would influence her future life, and that anyhow it could never be as if she had not known them. The same thought seemed uppermost in the mind of her friend Jeannie.

"Let us go to the farther end of the garden," she said as she joined her. "We shall find shade there, and I have many things to say to you."

The two slender girlish figures, so beautifully contrasted both by nature and art, passed down the fragrant alley. The English girl in her simple white dress, golden-haired, auroral, exactly realized the stranger's ideal of a Saxon maiden. Jeannie d'Harcourt's was all a vesper charm. Dark the tresses arrayed high above the pure forehead, in the fashion which lends so much dignity to a French physiognomy, darker still the soft large eyes, while in perfect harmony with these, the pale, pearly complexion, although betokening healthfulness itself, and no melancholy, showed not a trace of that warm carnation we are accustomed to in England.

No matter under what circumstances we find her, a French woman's dress affords matter for study and speculation, and the curious in such matters might have found much to admire in this cheap cotton gown Jeannie wore now—the dress a woman might pick gooseberries or even milk cows in, yet quite perfect in its way, not only from artistic appropriateness and finish, but from the becoming texture of the stuff itself. There are cotton gowns and cotton gowns. This one was soft, lustrous, noiseless, lending itself to easy folds and graceful lines. In fact, it was innocent of that abominable invention called starch.

The two dainty apparitions, watched by Eugène Hervé from the window, passed down the carnation-bordered walk into the cool shadow at the end of the garden. Here was a rustic bench, and the pair sat down. "It is pleasant to me to have some one to confide in," Jeannie began. "Your character is thoughtful, and women in England are accustomed to wider views of life than as yet find general acceptance among ourselves. You told me of your hopes and aspirations yesterday. Now hear mine. But first let me put one question to you. What is your impression of our new acquaintance, the Juliette of last night? You are silent, perhaps feeling unable to pronounce an opinion as yet. I must tell you why we are all so ready to love her. She is the destined bride of our Eugène."

"Will they ever love each other, do you think?" Camma asked, innocently.

"Love?" Jeannie said, with a gesture of impatience. "Love is not here called into question, but weightier motives far. Men and women can not always marry for love. Well for them, perhaps, that they can not. First let me tell you why it is absolutely necessary for my brother to wed a rich wife. His own means are small, and he longs to give up a military career for nobler duties. In fact, he wishes to throw himself heart and soul into political life, and with the loftiest aims. His upright, single-minded nature rebels against the trickery, the selfishness, the want of conscience, that debase our politics and hinder our moral progress as a nation. Now to do this is to give up his career, in other words, his future, and only a wealthy marriage can enable him to make the necessary sacrifice."

Camma's ingenuous mind was gradually realizing the novel situation. She had never come in the way of such an experience and complication before. Her first impulse was unbounded compassion for Eugène. An uncongenial marriage, an unsympathetic fireside, a loveless home! How would he bear it—he who seemed so dependent on reciprocity and affection?

"You look somewhat astonished. And I have always been given to understand that marriages in England are based rather upon impulse than calculation, fancy rather than interest. Yet there is something to be said on both sides. When really momentous issues are at stake, and a man's entire career hangs on such a step, ought he not to sacrifice inclination, perhaps even happiness, to conviction? Such at least is my own notion."

She turned round and suddenly looked Camma full in the face.

"Is not my brother's case a little like that of the friend, the beloved, you told me of yesterday? Suppose that our Eugène did love a penniless girl, the circumstances would be very similar. He does not—happily he does not; yet perhaps there might arise a painful conflict in his mind. And if he marries without love, being the good, honest man he is, he shuts out all possible love for ever and ever. That consideration might certainly cause him to waver."

"You would never persuade him to marry this rich girl against his will?" Camma said.

"You do not understand us yet. The matter is so much more complicated than you think," Jeannie went on, growing painfully eager. "My own future and hopes are bound up with my brother's, and though not for worlds would I persuade him into a step opposed to his happiness, yet he is so passionately interested in the great, the all-important questions from which he is now constrained to hold aloof, that I feel sure he would be happier, in a lofty, impersonal way. For we must ever look beyond our miserable narrow, circumscribed selves, our inefficient individualities. And my hopes and ambitions make me take the keenest interest in your own. Dear English friend, why go to Alsace? Join me in Paris, the city of the world. There you shall devote yourself to philanthropy, whilst I pursue the study of science. I am of an age to be your sister, yet by circumstances in a position to act the part of a chaperon and protectress. Oh! bear me company. Become my sister indeed." As she spoke she clasped the hands of the moved, astonished Camma, and looked into her eyes with fond insinuation and appeal.

And why not? A new train of thought flitted through the English girl's mind. Life lay before her as a broad, fair road, showing many a cross-way and tempting traverse. She was as free to diverge to the right or to the left as to go straight on. A bewildering mood of indecision took possession of her, and the other saw it.

"Do not be in any hurry to change your plans. We shall of course see each other again and again; for you will not, you can not, quit our fair Burgundy just yet."

Camma's face still expressed delighted uncertainty and waverings.

"Ah! if you only do as I propose, how happy I shall be—how happy we shall all be!" cried the enthusiastic French woman. "Think of it! Eugène would be near us—that is to say, if he is enabled to realize his fondest wishes—we should have his support, his sympathy. But I must not so selfishly keep you to myself now. Let us join grandmamma and my brother. Hark, do you hear him at the piano-forte?" They listened, and from the open window came the familiar strains of a sonata of Mozart.

"Eugène adores music, and is a very fair executant for a soldier. It is partly the possession of these fine tastes that makes him so desirous of exchanging the military for a civilian's career. He is an assiduous reader, too, more especially of your great living authors, in translation, for, of course, he does not understand English."

They went in-doors, and Camma begged the pianist to continue. As he went on with his sonata, displaying not only technical skill, but real feeling and musical insight, Aubrey's estimate of French character came into her mind. And doubtless could he see this French soldier now snatching a little noble music as the choicest recreation within reach, his clerical verdict would still be, "The flippant, flippant people."

CHAPTER XI.

ANN BRINDLE, ARBITRESS OF FATE.

An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy, says the proverb, and true enough, worthy Ann Brindle now proved as much of a match for the Jesuits as the great Pascal himself. Unaided and alone, armed only with native shrewdness, she now contrived to effect what the united force of the English Church could not have brought about. She succeeded in keeping away the priests from their latest convert, Millison Methold. From the moment that she saw herself installed as nurse in Millison's sick-room, her mind was made up. Not a papist should cross that threshold if her name was Ann Brindle. The worthy woman up to a certain point was favored by circumstances. The Dean, before departure, had indicated her to the master of the hotel as the most fitting person to be placed in charge of the invalid.

"My son is of age, certainly," Dean Methold had said. "He may see fit to dismiss Mrs. Brindle, in which case I have nothing whatever to say. But unless he does so, it is my most earnest wish that this tried and trusty woman should remain with him."

He added, significantly: "My son, the only child of a widowed father, has become a pervert from the faith of his fathers; in other words, has gone over to Rome. Without any inclination to speak disrespectfully of the religion of your country, I should naturally prefer that no priest has free access to him, unless he absolutely insists upon it."

The proprietor of a hotel is bound to observe a strict neutrality alike in politics, ethics, race, above all, theology, and this especial one had no wish either to affront an English pastor or a French priest. No better client of his hotel than the Church, whether swearing by Martin Luther or the Pope. So the emissaries of Rome who came to look after this young and promising convert were received with extreme deference, and conducted to the presence of Mrs. Brindle. There all responsibility ended as far as the proprietor of this popular house was concerned.

The uninitiated might have supposed the good Brindle to be a second Queen Elizabeth or Margaret of Parma in disguise, from the ovations now paid to her in the little anteroom where she received her guests. The position of that outer room, or closet, for it was hardly more, aided the excellent woman's purpose. Without, it opened on to the light running gallery connecting the chalet with the main building, whilst from within yet another room intervened between it and Millison's chamber. Thus no matter how acute the invalid's hearing nor how alert his mental faculties, he remained perforce in complete ignorance of all that passed in the anteroom. No priestly voices, insinuative, admonitory, impassioned, could reach him where he lay. Mrs. Brindle might expostulate by means of an interpreter, no matter how aptly; her interlocutor might rejoin in trenchant, high-pitched phrase. It was all one to the unconscious Millison.

Mrs. Brindle first skirmishes the place without the firing of a shot, in other words, without the interchange of a single syllable. She said all she had to say, and wonderfully well too, by means of untaught signs. Here ingenuity and *naïve* human resource attained their acme: pity no Spencer or Tylor was by to see! The spectacle of the unlettered Suffolk woman baffling, and that without a word, half a dozen astute priests by turns, was indescribable, unique, not to be surpassed. Mrs. Brindle's behavior was uniformly natural, amiable, and overweeningly deferential. No possible fault could be found with her. No conceivable ill faith could be imputed to her. She simply forbade access to her patient, because access at that especial moment was impossible. That is how the matter looked to everybody but herself.

When one black-robed affable visitor came, Millison was fast asleep. Mrs. Brindle did not say as much in words, having no French at command, but quietly and admirably imitated the condition of sleep—the head supine on the pillow, the inert limbs, the softly drawn breaths.

Upon another occasion, Millison, after a restless time, was on the point of dozing, and that semi-somnolent condition Ann could imitate to perfection also. Pantomimically she went through the several stages of the preliminary unrest, the fitful wandering, the final lethargy. Then Millison would be taking his potions, soporifics, of course, just as the visitor happened to enter. Disturb a sick person after a dose of opium? The soul surely lived not in Christendom who would dream of such a thing? There was nothing to do at such a critical moment but bow and retire. Another time Millison's wound was being dressed, for in his fall he had incurred a slight cut on the left hip. Perhaps to transact in dumb-show the dressing and bandaging of a wound might be within the capabilities of most people, but the promptitude and neatness of Mrs. Brindle's performances were beyond praise. What made her acting so effective was that under the circumstances it could hardly be called acting. To all intents and purposes the good soul was dumb, being on French soil without French speech. She was merely behaving as a dumb person must do. There was another exquisite little pantomime Mrs. Brindle performed to as much perfection as if she had for years earned a livelihood by means of her mimetic powers. This was the invalid's dinner acted in dumb-show. Mrs. Brindle here surpassed herself, taking the part of reluctant patient and coaxing nurse by turns. Now she was Millison gradually being enticed into raising a spoon to his lips; now she was Ann Brindle or Anatole, luring him on to eat by the countless little devices of a clever nurse. Again and again the fork would be dropped, the weary head laid down on the pillow; again and again some final persuasion or winning appeal would induce another effort, and who would disturb a sick man at his meals?

But it was when matters came to words, parleyings, and arguments that Mrs. Brindle's capacities shone forth most conspicuously. As a last resource, a priest was found able fairly to express himself in Ann's mother-tongue, a polished man of the world, a skilled controversialist, hitherto an irresistible advocate of any cause he chose to plead among women. But he was no match for Ann Brindle either. She knew as little of theology as any mortal well could. Her whole literature consisted of the Bible, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, and *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*. She had spent all her days in a rustic Suffolk village, but on a few points, religious, ethical, and social, her mind was made up. Ministers of no matter what religion should be heads of families, good husbands and fathers: that was one cardinal point of her moral creed. Men have no more business with each other's church or chapel going than they have with their neighbor's apple orchard and potato clamp: that was another article of her faith. And when girls and boys have affectionate parents who have brought them up in the religion of their country, they are bound to pay some respect to their opinions and feelings: that was a third canon of good Ann's simple doctrine.

Politeness to superiors she also firmly believed in, and consequently any minister of religion, had it been a high-priest of Brahma himself, would have received the most deferential treatment at her hands. When, therefore, she found herself confronted by an English-speaking priest of much more distinguished appearance than the rest, a man combining the wisdom of the serpent with the softness of the dove, she received him as if he had been the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. He should say exactly what he liked, he should even make her say anything he liked, but he should not gain access to Dean Methold's son. The new diplomatist certainly began negotiations without the slightest notion of being worsted. He had set down Mrs. Brindle's obduracy to the dullness of interpreters, to inadvertent circumstances, and natural obstacles. The young man had evidently been called upon at an inconvenient season. No one had possessed wit enough or understanding enough to make the good woman understand the point at issue, namely, whether Millison had desired to see a priest, and at what hour a priest could be admitted. These were simple matters enough, and it was not his intention to go beyond them. Nothing was remoter from his purpose than to discuss theology or moral questions with the English peasant woman. So, in his suavest, most silvery tones, the emissary began.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, after having handed Ann a chair. "I see, greatly to my regret, that my colleagues have failed to make their errand understood. We have no wish to disturb your patient at an unseasonable moment, but we are anxious to satisfy ourselves upon one point. Has he asked to see a priest?"

"Reverend sir, asked to see a priest!" Ann exclaimed. "He has asked for everything under the sun—amongst others, for his red hunting coat. He wanted yesterday to get up and follow the hounds."

"I presume, madam, that these moments of aberration are followed by lucid intervals, when the fever fits have passed away and he is quite himself. Can you remember him to have expressed no such wish as that I have just mentioned?"

"Reverend sir," said Ann, "when he is quite himself, the doctors forbid him to talk and me to listen. We are as dumb as mutes at a funeral."

"My good lady," resumed the priest, not a whit abashed as yet, only in his secret heart anathematizing Ann's rustic woodenness and incorrigible perversity. "Such a rule will, of course, be broken sometimes. When your patient opens his lips, what topic most naturally occurs to him? What subject seems to lie nearest his heart? To-day, for instance—try to recall what he has said to-day."

Ann tried her best to recall what Millison had said that morning. On a sudden she brightened. "Reverend sir, as true as my name is Ann Brindle, this is what he said, 'Ann,' says he, 'when I'm a priest, will you come to me to confess your sins?' 'Lord!' says I, 'to a young whipper-snapper like yourself, Mr. Millison, whom I knew as a baby in long-clothes? Not I.'"

"Is that the only allusion he made to the future?" asked the inquisitor, with a slight twitching of the brows.

"Reverend sir, he would talk all day long without stopping if I let him; but I pretend to go to sleep just in order to keep him quiet."

"That is clearly your duty," rejoined the priest, and then he paused, beginning to feel really at a loss. This woman's intellect possessed the slipperiness of an eel; there was no laying hold of it. Another point, too, became evident to him. He read at a glance that Ann was not to be bribed or bought. All must be accomplished by tact and diplomacy. "That is clearly your duty also," he said, continuing to peruse her physiognomy as in a book, "but you have another no less clear to perform. If, or rather when, this young man, in a collected moment, demands the ministrations of the Church, you are bound to respect his wishes."

"Reverend sir," said Ann, "I'm sure nothing is farther from my thoughts than to keep Mr. Millison from church. I don't hold with people setting themselves above religion myself."

"But you may consider him an alien, a renegade; you may, and that quite naturally, from your own point of view, even justifiably, resent his secession from your Church—I mean the Church of England."

"My own Church!" exclaimed Ann, horrified. "I'm a Methodist, born and bred, sir. I've never been into a church in all my days."

"But you are a Protestant and we are Romanists," resumed the priest, in his softest tones. He saw himself on the verge of being drawn into a theological discussion, much against his will. "You can not feel toward us as toward the bulk of your compatriots, whatever their peculiar sects may be."

"Reverend sir," Ann said, in the humblest manner, "you and Mr. Millison are scholars and gentlemen, and I am a poor ignorant woman brought up to milk cows. I say the prayers taught me by my blessed mother in heaven; you and Mr. Millison kiss the Pope's toe if you please. Am such as I called upon to judge which religion is the best?"

"Just so," said the priest, still bland and benignant, but feeling that he really must drive Ann into a corner without loss of time and have done with it. "When this young gentleman demands a priest, you will of course send for one; and when in a fit state to receive visitors, you will admit the priest who happens to come of his own accord." Now I have her, thought the priest, fastening upon Ann his keenest, most penetrating glance.

But the worthy woman never flinched in the least, and showed a front as unabashed as if she had been merely asked to sugar her patient's gruel. With an excessively aggrieved look she made reply: "Indeed, reverend sir, Mr. Millison might have seen all the priests in France but for the horse that stumbled and threw him down. If anybody is to be blamed, it is that poor beast. Had the young gentleman not ridden out this day week, had the horse not slipped, had there been no stones where the poor lad fell, he might, at this very moment, have been worshipping the Pope in Rome."

The priest smiled at Mrs. Brindle's crude notions as to the Romish faith, and again studied her physiognomy. Yes, impossible here to suspect intrigue or malice prepense. Mrs. Brindle's look was transparency itself. He might remain there all day, he would never succeed in making her wince. She was simply keeping visitors out of her patient's room because she considered him unfit to receive any. Although baffled, therefore, and inwardly annoyed, he had not the remotest conception that this simple Suffolk woman was foiling him in a deep game, defeating him with his own weapons. Still mingled with the confidence he could hardly help placing in her, he felt bound to assume an air of authority.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1499.

"I shall hear what the doctors say," he said, rising and smiling in the friendliest way. "The physician, you are aware, takes upon himself to overrule the nurse."

"Of course, reverend sir," said Ann, dropping her lowest courtesy. "I make Mr. Millison's possets and stick on his plasters, and the rest of the business I leave to my betters."

"A very proper course," rejoined the priest. "I sincerely hope you will soon be freed from so much of responsibility concerning your charge."

"I hope so, I'm sure," Ann said. "I want to be off with my young lady. Though, to be sure, 'twill be but jumping from the frying-pan into the fire: one foreign country is as bad as another, I say."

The wily never ask questions. The priest remained satisfied with the quota of information Ann chose to vouchsafe of her own accord. The good, clumsy soul was going away, then. The sooner the better; so he smilingly bowed himself out, not giving her to understand that she should have the gratification of seeing him again. She was left certainly in possession of the field, but her reign would soon come to an end. She had nicely stated the case; her business was with Millison's possets and plasters, not with his soul's salvation. After all, could it be worth while to take so much trouble about him?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARY ANDERSON.

Nearly eight years have passed since the subject of this sketch, Mary Anderson, made her first appearance upon the New York stage. She was then a girl, just blossoming into womanhood, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair. Rarely had a novice entered the theatrical arena so fully equipped with those feminine graces which delight the public eye and exercise a softening influence upon the least impressionable critic. Her delicate yet strong and expressive features, her shapely head and graceful carriage, and, more than all, the extraordinary fullness and richness of her voice, were recognized at once as qualities which would enable her to shine in the highest walks of tragedy, if in addition to all these physical advantages she should prove to be possessed of the divine spark of dramatic genius. Her earliest performances, therefore, were watched with a degree of interest seldom excited by a young beginner, and the power of tragic expression which she revealed was received very generally as an assurance that a new actress had arisen worthy to assume the mantle worn so long and so honorably by Charlotte Cushman. It was in 1877, in the Fifth Avenue Theatre, as Juliet, that Mary Anderson practically began her brilliant and prosperous career. She had won some earlier triumphs in the provinces before that time, but these, of course, were of little moment before they had the seal of metropolitan approval. The experiment which she made was a bold one, and the success which attended it was most uncommon. Many novices have begun at the top of the ladder, but very few have remained there, or have been able to attain that dangerous eminence again, except at the cost of many humiliating failures and years of drudgery. Miss Anderson's experience has been almost uniformly fortunate, and if she has not fulfilled as yet all the fairest promises of her extreme youth, she has at least in the course of a few years established herself in a position seldom won except after half a lifetime of arduous toil.

The critics differed, as usual, pretty widely in their estimate of her first work, but the differences were chiefly those of degree. Her knowledge of the mechanical part of her profession in those days was very slight, as might be expected, her gesture was stiff and spasmodic, her readings were often faulty, and her capacity of sustained impersonation small. But there were occasional flashes of tragic power in her Juliet which distinguished her unmistakably from the ordinary *débutante*, the mincing automaton artificially created by the professional "coach"; while her manifest simplicity and earnestness in her work, combined with her beauty and freshness, and the tones of her magnificent voice, aroused a popular sympathy in her behalf which has grown from season to season. Her improvement in the mere matter of mechanism was rapid as she gained confidence. Youth is an apt scholar when constantly encouraged. In her very first New York engagement she was emboldened to challenge direct comparison with Charlotte Cushman herself by playing Meg Merrilies, and, all things considered, acquitted herself remarkably well. Her performance was a copy, of course, and not a very good one, but it helped to confirm the high opinion formed of her latent capacities. Her next appearance—and a greater contrast could scarcely be imagined—was as the virgin Parthenia in *Ingomar*, in which she made a great hit. The character was exactly suited to her in every way. The dress displayed her classic beauty to the best advantage, and in form and feature she seemed to be the embodiment of an almost ideal purity. This performance was undoubtedly the most satisfactory, from a critical point of view, which she had thus far exhibited, and it is still accounted one of her most finished achievements.

At the end of the first year of her public life Miss Anderson enjoyed the distinction of being an acknowledged "star." She returned to New York in 1878, and played an engagement which was more successful than her first. Her advancement in technical knowledge was marked, and the prophecies of her future triumphs were renewed. She now essayed the character of Julia in *The Hunchback*, and created a marked impression in the more passionate scenes. Her success in this might have been more absolute if it had not been for the inevitable comparison between her performance and that of Miss Neilson. That she was able to stand the comparison at all is a fact greatly to her credit. She next appeared as Evadne, as Pauline, as Bianca in *Fazio*, and later on as Ion in Talfourd's tragedy of that name. She both acted and looked the part, but the play was out of date, and the experiment was not particularly encouraging. Two or three seasons later she revived Knowles's old play *Love*, making a regal figure as the Countess. The dialogue had a curious sound to ears accustomed to the modern loose and conversational style, but the measured cadences fell from her lips with all due significance, and her outbursts of power in the passionate scenes were strangely effective. The next new character which she added to her repertory was that of Galatea in Gilbert's delightful play, and in this too she won popular favor, as usual, although her success was due rather to her pre-eminent personal qualifications for the character than her intellectual appreciation of it.

But space will not permit detailed consideration of every incident in her professional career. It is, indeed, scarcely necessary to retail facts which are yet fresh in the public mind. It is sufficient to say that her phenomenal success in her own country justified the belief that she could hold her own even upon a foreign stage, and last year she went to England, where she has been acting with results which will certainly add greatly both to her fame and fortune. It must not be forgotten that her début in London was made in the Lyceum Theatre before an audience educated to the highest degree of critical nicety by the masterly management of Henry Irving. Even failure on a stage so famous would scarcely have been discreditable, but she not only did not fail, but gained substantial triumph. She had there the advantages of a perfect stage setting and an admirable supporting company — surroundings very different from those in which she was generally seen here—and commanded an amount of respectful critical consideration which was in itself a tribute of which so young an actress might well be proud. The criticism has not been all favorable; some of it has been very sharp; but all of it has been written in a spirit which is in itself an acknowledgment of her artistic prominence. Her Juliet was compared necessarily with the Juliets of the most famous actresses of this generation, and although it was hotly criticised here and there, the general verdict was one of warm approval. As Julia and as Galatea she has held her own against actresses of the first rank, and she has never failed to win the applause of her audiences, even when the critics have been cool. One of her greatest triumphs was won in a piece written expressly for her by W. S. Gilbert, *Tragedy and Comedy*, and there will be great curiosity to see her in this play, now that she is about to return to us. But the chiefest interest attaches to her performance of Rosalind, her first essay in Shakespearean comedy. This beautiful but difficult part she played recently at Stratford, in the very atmosphere of Shakespeare, in the presence of a critical, even fastidious audience, and the published reviews of her performance are sufficiently laudatory to awaken most pleasurable anticipations. Whether all of them will find fulfillment or not remains to be seen, but the performance under such circumstances will always be a remarkable feature of a most remarkable career.

There can be no doubt that Miss Anderson will be welcomed home with enthusiasm, for the reports which have reached these shores seem to indicate that her artistic progress has been marked, while her natural advantages are in no way diminished. She will be received, moreover, with great respect, due to her not only as a representative American actress, but as a woman of flawless character. No word of scandal has ever been uttered concerning her, no finger has ever been pointed at her. She has never been besmirched by any of the foul contaminations which unhappily envelop the modern stage, and her character and abilities are an honor to herself, her profession, and her country.

THE THIRTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS AT GETTYSBURG.

The latest of the monuments at Gettysburg, of which a picture is presented on page 668, was dedicated September 25. It was erected by the Thirteenth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and is a memorial of the service rendered by that regiment on that field, and of the men who fell in the great battle.

The opening of the battle of Gettysburg on July 1, 1863, was marked by the attack of the main body of the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Robert E. Lee, upon the Federal First Corps, commanded by General Reynolds. An important position was assigned to the Thirteenth Massachusetts, which was included in the First Corps, and belonged to the Second Division and First Brigade. Colonel Samuel H. Leonard led the regiment. It suffered heavy loss. General Reynolds was killed. Near the spot where he fell, fell also Sergeant Roland B. Morris, the color-bearer of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, and when it was determined to erect monuments to mark the points occupied by the various Massachusetts regiments at Gettysburg, the Thirteenth decided that its memorial should be a statue of its color-sergeant. The monument was made by the Westerly Granite Company, at a cost of $2300. The pedestal is of polished granite, and bears on its front the inscription, "Thirteenth Massachusetts Volunteers." The figure representing Sergeant Morris stands at parade rest, with the colors upon the left arm. The number "13" is on the front of the cap, and the breast bears the badge of the First Corps.

The surviving members of the Thirteenth Regiment went from Boston to attend the dedication ceremonies, and there was a large gathering of other spectators. Addresses were made by Captain Augustus N. Sampson, of Boston, chairman of the Monument Committee, and Captain James A. Fox, of Company A, the senior captain of the old regiment, and ex-Mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Captain Fox gave a description of the battle of Gettysburg and of the death of Sergeant Morris. In one charge the regiment captured 132 prisoners. Four of the color-guard of seven men were killed and three were taken prisoners, but the colors were saved by Lieutenant Howe, who seized them and bore them off the field. For the last hour of that day's fight the regiment was without ammunition, save such as was obtained from the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded round about. Quoting from General Doubleday's book on the battle, Captain Fox said: "'The First Corps was broken and defeated, but not dismayed. They showed the true spirit of soldiers. They walked leisurely from the seminary to the town, and did not run.'" Continuing, Captain Fox said: "The daring escape of the Thirteenth along the embankment of yonder railroad verifies the truthful description just given of the dauntless courage of the First Corps. With bullets to right of them and bullets to left of them, they yet strode on with decimated ranks, following the flag borne onward by Captain Howe, on through the streets of yon village, despising any shelter, toward the commanding crests beyond."

Sergeant Morris was one of the earliest killed. He had enlisted at Boston at the age of twenty-two. The day before the battle he pleaded for the post of danger as bearer of the colors. "Bravely did he fulfill his duty, carrying the flag in the van, until, shot through the body, he fell dead among his comrades. When the fatal moment came to him," said Captain Fox, "he sprang into the air with a wild shout, as if to say, 'This banner shall not trail; my last effort shall be to bear it aloft.'"

On the last days of the battle the Thirteenth served with its corps on the crest of the hill near the cemetery. It underwent, said Captain Fox, the danger of an exposed position under a terrific duel of artillery—a duel unparalleled in any battle that has ever been fought on this continent. One hundred and fifty cannon on the Confederate side and one hundred on our side made the earth tremble and the hills echo to their hideous noise. At the close of the last day there remained in the regiment, which had entered the battle with 300 men, only ninety.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Baltimore physician reports "as a curiosity" the case of a negro who has worn off two of his fingers shovelling coal. It took years to do this. The disappearance of the fingers was gradual, and was unaccompanied by pain. The case certainly does seem unusual. If this man were in the habit of going barefoot, it is probable that he would find himself growing short in the legs; and if imagination were similarly worn away by use, and experienced no renewal, what would the world do for yarns at last?

An English writer presents a reason for the incomprehensibility of some of the street cries in discussing the cry of an umbrella-mender and general tinker, which was, "Yum wella, wella, wop to men." He says that in the most bustling and noisy London streets this cry brought heads out of every window, whereas the simple cry of "Umbrellas to mend!" would have passed unheeded in the general clamor. It may be wondered whether a low and musical cry wouldn't be very successful in New York. People would be so grateful, it may be, for the contrast that they would reward the crier with abundant patronage. Certainly a low and musical cry would be odd enough to bring heads out of all the windows. It is wonderful, and it shows the self-restraint of New-Yorkers, that the vender's cry of "Strawberries!" does not bring the boot-jacks out.

Switzerland was wrinkled up by ancient earth disturbances in such a way, according to a Munich professor, that points originally far apart have been brought close together. Her original surface was folded over and over in order to exhibit its present appearance. This leads the *Cornhill Magazine* to express sorrow that a country which started out with horizontal area enough probably to make a first-class European power should have been crowded and turned up endwise by countries which happened to be situated on earth crust that was a trifle thicker, and that in the pressure consequently kept its shape.

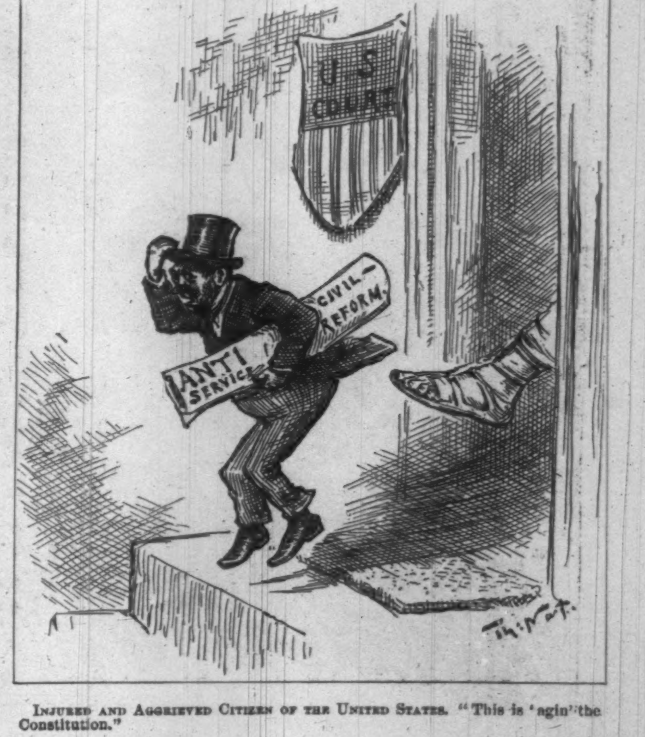
Hot blood and scientific discussion occasionally go together, as is proved in the history of the Pickwick Society and the experience of Mr. Abner Dean of Angel's, who fell victim to a chunk of old red sandstone. It is not often, however, that the simple application of a scientific term works such a disastrous and unproportionate consequence as lately occurred in the case of a Texas gentleman who called a cow-boy a "microbe." The feelings of the cow-boy were terribly wrought upon, and he put six 44-calibre bullets into the gentleman, killing him instantly. The term was pleasantly applied, but the cow-boy had never heard it before, and there is no surer way to anger some people than to call them a name that they do not understand.

A traveller writes that "the King of Westphalia's bath is not used except to look at." Of course what is here implied is not meant. The King of Westphalia has never given reason to suppose that he does not heartily approve and live up to the suggestion of Mr. Gilbert, namely, that while beauty is but a fading flower, personal cleanliness is practically undying. The traveller speaks merely of one of the baths of the King of Westphalia. It is "a beautiful pavilion, with a sunken room of marble in the centre, statuary in plenty, and an apparatus for introducing perfumed water." The king has other baths which he uses as such.

A Texas newspaper beautifully says: "Did you see that gorgeous sunset Monday evening? The phenomenon was surpassingly beautiful, and its roseate glory only lacked the heavenly chariot and an angel and trump to complete a foreshadowing picture of the morning of the last day, when the final fires shall glow in the east and lift their flames to the skies. An electric sea drifted slowly adown the eastern horizon, and the golden rays from the sun's good-night kiss bathed in its prismatic glories, painting a scene above all art, and exhibiting colors that only nature can produce from the rarest tints of infinite beauty on the lightning's easel."

An ancient regulation at Yale requires a student to raise his hat at a distance of ten rods from the president, eight from a professor, and five from a tutor. If the president should happen to be near-sighted, or in a crowd, he would hardly be aware of any of these marks of respect that might be going on around him; but still such a regulation is praiseworthy, inasmuch as it is calculated to enforce the idea of politeness, and to teach a nice perception of distances. It may be thought that a student is permitted to go a good way before needing to feel that he is called upon to be polite to a tutor, but still a tutor must feel measurably gratified and satisfied to see hats going off before him at a distance of five rods.

It has lately been thought among scientific inquirers that there was a tertiary man who knew the use of fire and was able to cut stone. That he had a wide knowledge of the use of fire is not declared, and perhaps all that he knew about it was to dread it after he had been burned; and his stone-cutting ability is not spoken of with extravagant praise. The best that is said of him is that he knew enough of these matters to admit of his being rated as more intelligent than existing apes. He is called an "ape man," and "an ancestral form of historic man whose skeleton has not yet been discovered, but who has made himself known to us in the clearest manner by his works."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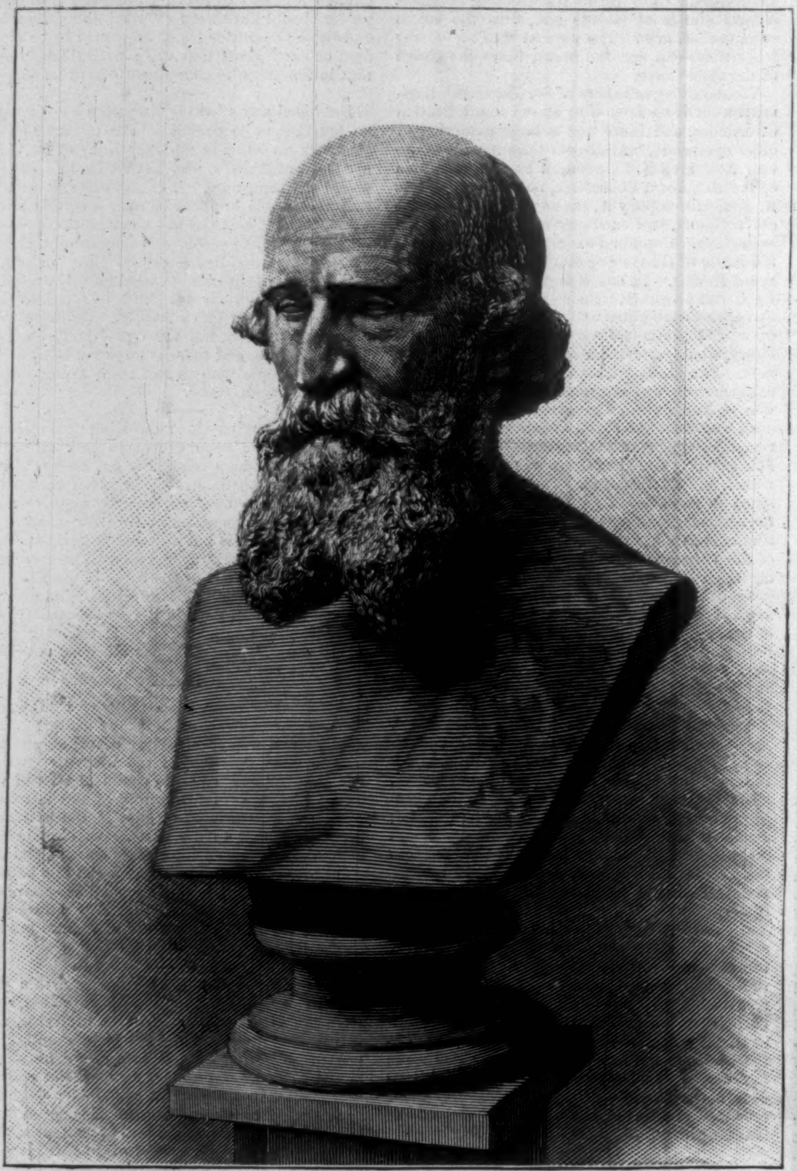
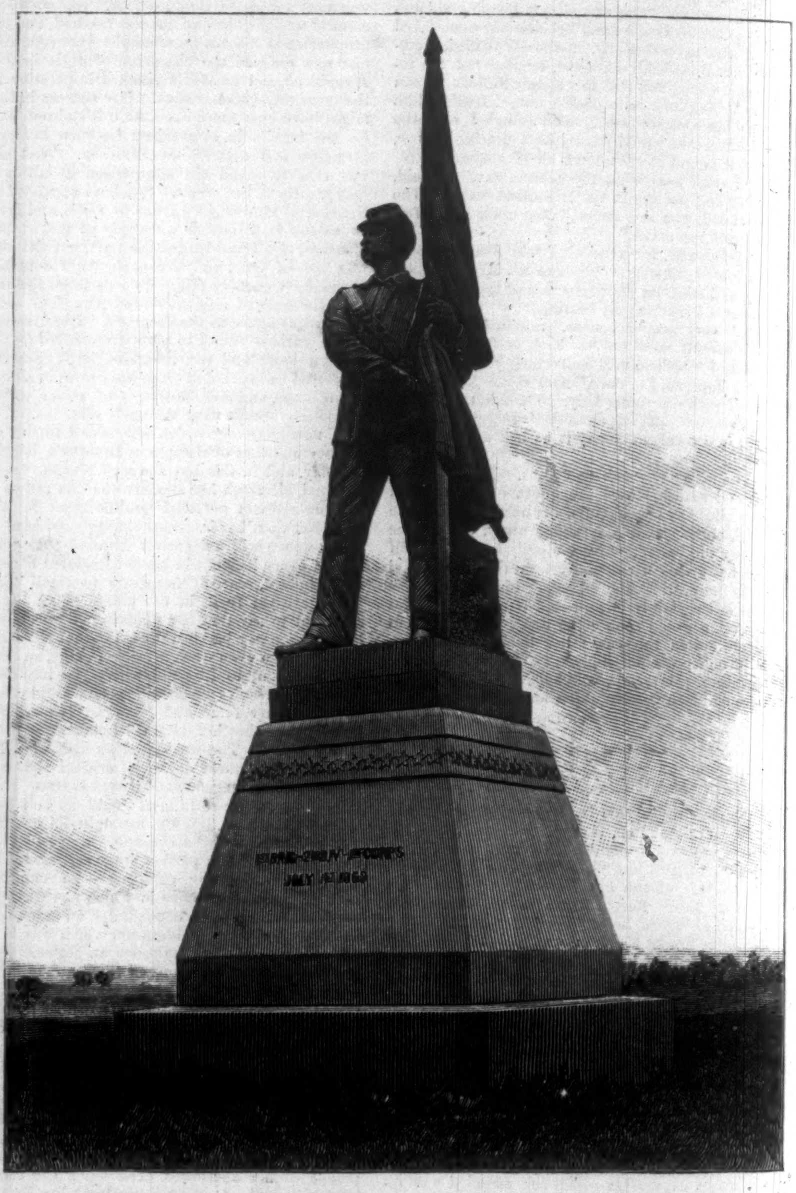
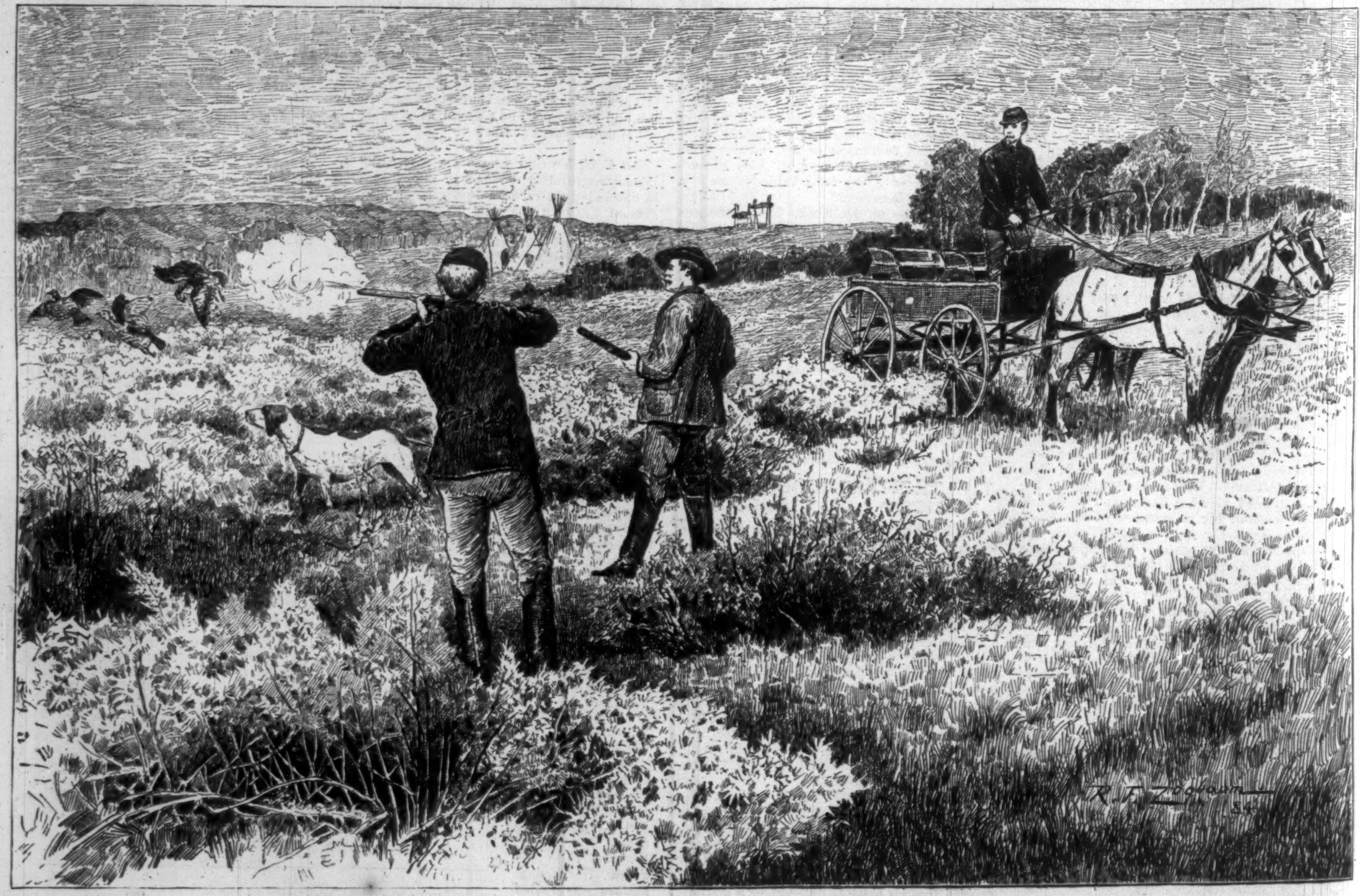


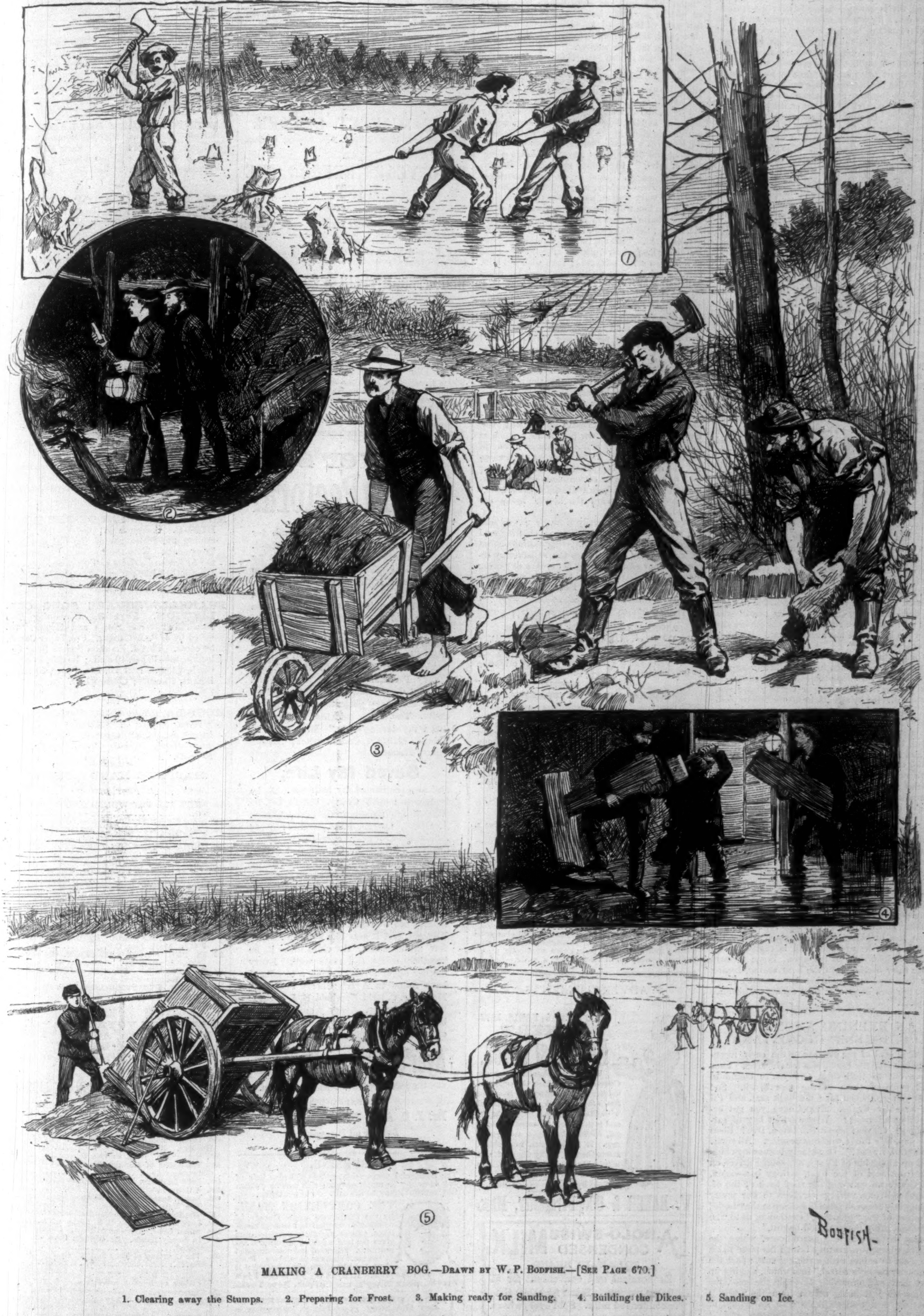
THE LATE WILLIAM PAGE.—From the Bust by W. R. O'Donovan.
[See Page 663.]



THE MONUMENT OF THE THIRTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS AT GETTYSBURG.
Photographed by Tipton, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.—[See Page 667.]



SHOOTING PRAIRIE-CHICKENS IN MONTANA.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 670.]



MAKING A CRANBERRY BOG.—Drawn by W. P. Bodfish.—[See Page 670.]

1. Clearing away the Stumps. 2. Preparing for Frost. 3. Making ready for Sanding. 4. Building the Dikes. 5. Sanding on Ice.

MAKING A CRANBERRY BOG.

A FARMER who has not the ready money, and who has the other essentials for a cranberry bog, will mortgage his farm to put in this source of revenue. The first essential is a swamp with a peat bottom. During the winter the available wood is cut off, and the smaller stumps are removed, the larger ones being left for the frost to throw out. During the milder days the work goes on of removing stumps, levelling, and filling in with turf. After the larger stumps have been removed, and the bog made comparatively level, the dikes are built. These are built at such distances apart as to inclose three or four acres of bog, so that the inclosed space can be readily overflowed by shutting the sluiceways in the dike. The better to carry off the water, ditches are dug leading to a principal ditch parallel with the dike. Then the bog must be sanded to a depth of three or four inches, being drained of water as much as possible before sanding. The frost usually throws the bog. In anticipation of this, the ice over the bog is covered with sand during the winter, especially if the bog has been planted with vines the previous fall, so that in the spring the ice melting distributes the sand on the bog, thus saving cartage.

The second essential to a bog is a sand bank or hill near the swamp, supplying sand that must be free from loam, since loam brings in weeds. In the spring or fall, when the bog is sanded, it may be planted, the intention being to save as much time as possible. The first year there is little trouble from weeds, but the second and third summer after planting the vines it is necessary to weed thoroughly, and to keep the water in the trenches low, so as not to encourage the growth of weeds. After the third year the vines are strong enough and cover the bog sufficiently to take care of themselves. The vines are cut with scythes from an existing bog, and planted by being placed in the new bog, three or four inches deep, just below the sand.

The third year the bog is expected to bear and to pay all expenses of construction. During the second year it may possibly pay interest on the money spent in making it. The year after the third is usually the best bearing year; after that the yield is about equal. The greatest danger is from frost. A continual watch has to be kept after the first year, and the bog has to be "flowed" immediately. Sometimes a frost in June or last of May will injure the budding vines, thus destroying a year's crop. The next visitation most feared is that of insects, which ruin the berry and leave their eggs for the next year. The remedy is to burn and thus destroy the bog, or the infected part of it, or to flood it. Drought and forest fires are other dangers. When the bog is "flowed" to avert frost, there is a danger, if the succeeding day is very warm and the vines are bearing berries, that the heat may ruin the fruit while it is exposed wet to the sun. It is desirable to keep the berries as long on the vines as possible, as they turn dark when ripening, and the darker the berry the higher the market price, other qualities being equal.

The picking is a picturesque sight, the common costume for the women being a calico dress and a sun-bonnet (in shape the same as the Shakers wear). They pick with their backs to the sun, in rows divided by strings, to insure "clean picking," each one being kept in the prescribed place till the vines are well picked. A cranberry barrel is smaller than ordinary, 100 quarts to the barrel being the rule, but they are tightly pressed and forced in, so that after shipping they are found to be solid in the barrel. A dealer will have nothing to do with a barrel in which the berries shake. A good price is $10 per barrel. Sometimes it is $16, $17, or more. It "pays" at $4 per barrel, but good berries never sell as low as that. The cost of making a bog, apart from the cost of the swamp, is about $350 per acre. It is desirable to put in at least ten acres, as a certain amount of diking has to be done, and possibly a reservoir built, so that the more acres this incloses, the less the expense per acre. A very good yield of berries would be 100 barrels to the acre. This, at $10 per barrel (the average price in good years), is $1000, after an expenditure of, say, $450 per acre for making the bog, picking, and in running expenses for three years from the breaking of the swamp. After the fourth year the average yield is perhaps from sixty to eighty barrels per acre. Some farmers store their berries until the next spring, hoping for better prices, but it has been usually found that the shrinkage more than equals the advance in price.

AN EVENING AMONG THE "CHICKENS" IN MONTANA.

"THE cool of the evening or the early morning, those are the best times for chickens. They come out to feed then, and you're bound to find some of them in the rose brush. So! Now you gentlemen take the back seat, and I'll sit here by EVANS. EVANS, have you got everything all right? Where's that bag of cartridges? Oh yes! here it is. Down, Dan! Bless the pup, he's fairly wild this evening. All right. Go ahead, EVANS!" Our kindly host swings himself up alongside of EVANS, our soldier driver, on the front seat of the light, springy box-wagon, and away we go along the road back of the officers' quarters, raising our hats to our pretty young hostess as she stands smiling in the "back" doorway of the "quarters," cautioning us to "be sure and bring home a good bagful."

Out we go past the guard-house, where the smart, white-gloved sentry brings his piece to his shoulder in salute with a ringing snap; past the "quartermaster's corral," into which, kicking up the dust and crowding through the gate, the mules are just being driven from the "herd"; past the post trader's store with its groups of tidy "blue-coats" and lounging Indians.

The road dips down suddenly toward the little river, through which we wade, the water rising nearly to the box of the wagon, gurgling and washing up against the wheels, and churned into yellow foam by the powerful hoofs of the horses. A finely formed, half-naked red-skin, mounted bare-back on a white pony, and driving a little "band" of horses and colts before him, greets us with a guttural "how?" and graceful, dignified wave of the hand, as we reach the opposite shore, and, climbing up the steep bank, trot rapidly out on the open prairie.

"We ought to find some chickens pretty soon now. See how Dan works! There's been a covey near here, and not so long ago either. Drive slow, EVANS. Steady, Dan—steady, old boy!"

The dog is running to and fro, to and fro, in our front, his tail swinging from side to side, now stopping and sniffing the air, now starting on again. Suddenly, by a dense, low, wide-spreading clump of wild-rose bushes, he comes to a stop, peering into the tangle of leaves and twigs alongside of him. "Get down, gentlemen. Steady, Dan—stea-ea-dy!" And slipping the cartridges into our breech-loaders, we jump down from the now stationary wagon, and move cautiously up, keeping in line with one another, toward the dog. "Take whatever rises in your front or to the left, Mr. Blank; the Major and I will work to the right," says our host. "Hie on, Dan!" Cautiously, slowly, raising his feet carefully one after the other, the well-broken setter advances; then with tail stiff, ears cocked, trembling with excitement, he comes to a dead stop. Whirr! whirr!—bang! Missed, by Jove! Bang! the other barrel. Down falls a gray heap into the bushes, and a few fluffy feathers floating in the clear air show that the second shot was truer than the first. In go two other cartridges. Slowly we advance again. Whirr! whirr! whirr! up rises a whole covey. Bang! bang! bang! go our neighbors' guns, and two more victims are added to the score, while sailing away in front of us over the bushes the remainder of the covey, somewhat scattered by their flight, seek the shelter of the thick willow brush.

Our luck varies. Now and then some solitary old bird gets up, sometimes to be knocked over, almost invariably so if our host takes a crack at him, not so certain if it falls to the lot of one of the other pair to fire. Several coveys are decimated, and as the sun is gradually sinking behind the far-away dark line of cottonwoods on the river-bank, and the mosquitoes are really becoming very troublesome, homeward the horses' heads are turned.

We bowl along merrily through the gloaming with pipes and cigars lighted, chatting and laughing, and with the comforting assurance that we can present to Madame the satisfactory report that our efforts to obey her orders to "bring home a good bagful" have met with some success.

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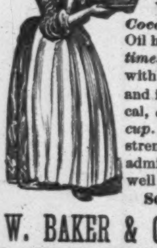

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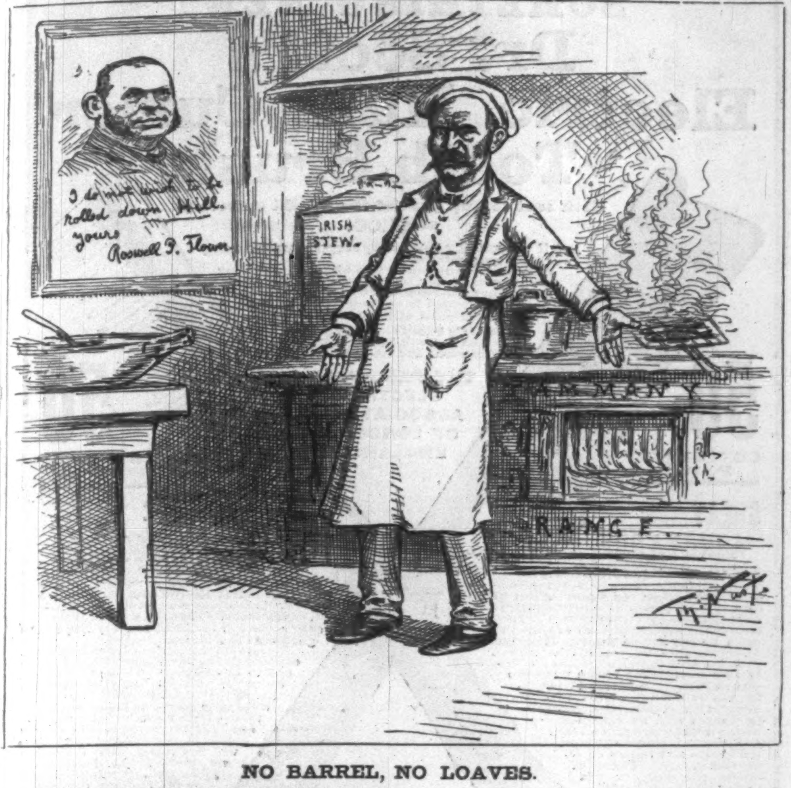

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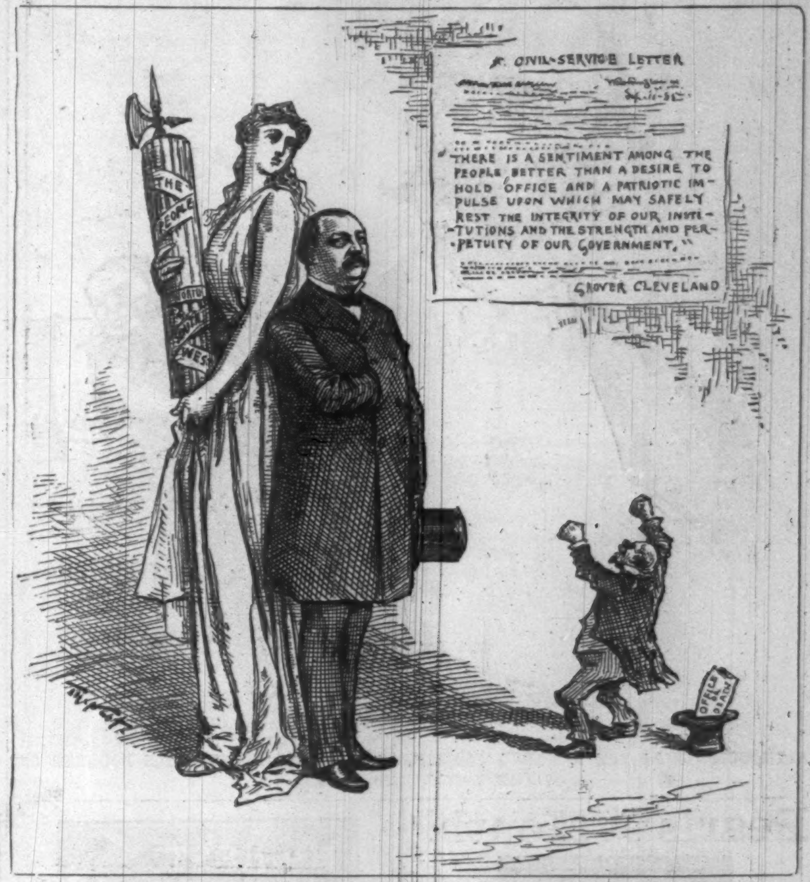
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